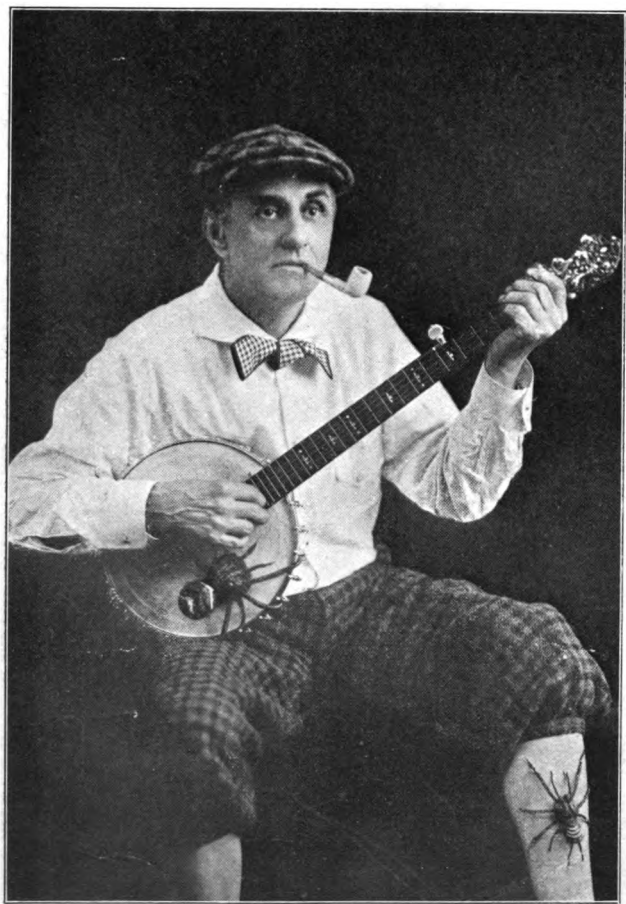




RICHARD GRIFFIN

G H O U S E P O E T R Y

BY

RICHARD GREEN

DEDICATED TO

THE MERRIMENT OF THE CLERGY

I can't find a Publisher who
Will give me a chance with my lity;
I've canvassed among gals here a few
In various parts of the city.
I fly to my tussy canoe
And hassle it through waves I paddle
Quite over that publishing crew
In spite of their critical twaddle.
To Hell with such rank fiddle faddle!



RICHARD GRIFFIN

BUG HOUSE POETRY

BY

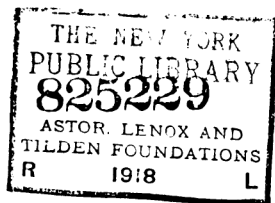


RICHARD GRIFFIN

DEDICATED TO
THE MERRIMENT OF THE CLERGY

THE
MERRIMENT
OF THE
CLERGY

I can't find a Publisher who
Will give me a chance with my ditty;
I've canvassed among quite a few
In various parts of the city.
I fly to my trusty canoe
And hustle it through, yes I paddle
Quite over that publishing crew
In spite of their critical twaddle.
To Hell with such rank fiddle faddle!



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By RICHARD GRIFFIN

NEW YORK
JUL 14
1918

THE
DELAWARE BRIDE
AND OTHER POEMS

PRELUDE

THE C. O. D. REVENGE

I SENT the noble Senator a copy of this book.
I thought perhaps His Honor might enjoy a little look.
He did not have the manners of an ordinary cook.

The Senator from Delaware is such a funny man
He tried to thrust this little book deep in the grilling
pan.

He cuddled in his narrow brain such a revengeful
plan.

Wrapping the book in paper—'twas a bundle nice and
neat

He took it to an agent round the corner down the
street

Returning it to Dicky. His revenge is now complete.

The bundle was returned to me, it really made me
laugh,

I had to pay the C. O. D. one dollar and a half.

I did not think the Senator was such a silly calf.

Queer Miller dear if ever you are short of ready cash,
Please drop a line to Dicky, I will help you out.

Don't flash

Another C. O. D. on me and then we'll never clash.

THE DELAWARE BRIDE

THE whipping-post, the whipping-post,

I love you: you're a dear!

The whipping-post folks often roast.

How whimsical, how queer!

Men's taste is such,

They change so much.

Shut up, don't howl, don't cry.

Saw wood, you'll soon know why.

Don't get upset; now gently, gently.

Give me your ear—both ears intently.

The day of the whipping broke clear and bright,

The sun looked down on a wond'rous sight.

Look! what is that crowd so patiently waiting?

What means all this chatter, what are they debating?

Why, haven't you heard, it's advertised wide—

They are waiting to cheer the Delaware Bride.

The Delaware Bride is a post made of deal,

Dumb witness of many a sinner's sharp squeal.

All hail to the lash, give us gore, let it pour!

All hail to the time-honored Delaware law!

Pretty little Mabel was a teacher in the school;

Pretty little Mabel thought she'd break the golden rule.

First she wasted stationery, then she broke the chalk,
To potent Superintendents was addicted to back talk.
One foxy Superintendent, a man of great resources,
Did not at all believe in the mild and middle courses
 He brought her a stripe,
 Of the Delaware type.

He made his complaint in the proper direction;
The Judge and the jury decided correction.
On poor little Mabel the sentence now crashes—
Her soft naked back must receive forty lashes.

Her punishment will be applied
Outside the jail, 'twill hurt her pride.
 Of course it will;
 A bitter pill.

Her legal whipping is advertised well;
Her press agents work both by book and bell;
The preparations near the jail
Are handled on tremendous scale.

This tall massive platform of pine, long and wide,
Is reached by a flight of ten steps on one side.
On top of this platform, so stately and high,
The whipping-post gracefully pierces the sky;
The whipping-post, famous in prose and in song;
The post of stern justice, inspiring, strong;
The post of correction, the joy and the pride
Of county and State, fair Delaware's Bride.

Up high on a staff waves the flag of the free,
Below stands the crowd, the whipping to see,

All laughing, joking, poking fun.
By jove! it almost yanks the bun!
It seems just like a county fair,
This motley crowd, all free from care,
Waiting to see one little girl whipped—
Waiting to look at her shape when stripped.

Ah! lo! a trumpet blow, a sudden blast.
Ho ho! The whipping will begin at last;
The prison gates open, the show commences.
What! have the people lost their senses?
Don't shove, don't move, don't rush!
Hats off! don't speak! Hush, hush!

The Sheriff and prisoner both appear;
One bare-foot prisoner, Mabel dear,
A slip of a girl with eyes of blue,
Of violet hue—so honest, true;
As clear and bright as the stars above,
A sweet little girlie girl, made to love.

She has to walk bare-foot, the law says she must;
Both stockings and shoes are a cause of distrust.
It's easy to give the Sheriff a kick
Through spite; it is really a very old trick.
And so to make everything safe and discreet,
Our Mabel now walks on two pretty bare feet,
Two cute little lily white, tender bare feet.
Poor dearie, poor darling, so innocent, sweet.

The sheriff and she
As chic as can be,
They walk up the stairs like a sister and brother,
Confidingly holding the hand of each other.
It is a touching sight to see
This couple free from enmity;
The Sheriff, dignified and calm,
And Mabel, dear, all youth and charm,
Dressed in white flannel so trim and so neat
From the top of her head to her pretty bare feet.

Oh, Mabel child,
Don't stare so wild.
What can it be?
Oh yes, I see.
She looks at the Sheriff with trembling lip,
She sees that he carries a large rawhide whip.
Oh, cruel sight!
Oh, dreadful plight!
Oh, Mabel, you're in a sad fix;
Too late now to register kicks.

The platform is covered with oil-cloth complete;
It tickles the soles of her pretty bare feet.

Oh, what chills!
Oh, what thrills!

The Sheriff is concise and clear,
And thus addresses Mabel dear:

Hear! Hear!
After this eloquent pow wow,
Where is Demosthenes' fame now?

This is speech he made,
Oh, will it ever fade?

“Before the rod of justice swings,
Remove your necklace, chain and rings;
Before we fetch this racket off
You’ll have to take your jacket off—
And then—you know—the other things—
That thing of crêpe de chine that clings.
The law is plain—no more—no less.
Here is the warrant—please undress.
Your time has come—we cannot wait;
Prepare yourself—don’t hesitate—
Just take a tip—don’t get the pip.”
Thus spoke the guardian of the whip.
 This is the speech he made;
 Oh, will it ever fade?

Mabel removes her chain and rings,
And then her jacket off she flings,
Her shirtwaist next she cast aside.
She shuts her eyes, but cannot hide
Her shame: she trembles like a reed,
Unable further to proceed.

Oh my!
How shy!

The Sheriff, rolling up his sleeve,
Grasped firm the rawhide whip
And said, “My duty makes me grieve.
Be kind enough to strip

Down to the skin.

Come, come! begin.

Lift up your head, don't hide your face;

Take off that thing all trimmed with lace."

Burning with shame,

With eyes of flame,

With trembling hands the gentle maid

Her lingerie unlaced,

And pretty little Mabel stood

Stripped naked to the waist,

Fragile and airy

Pink and white fairy!

The mob around the scaffold press,

Eager to see the girl undress.

All eyes are centered on her form,

So pretty, bare, and white.

Upon her shoulder, soft and warm,

Is one mosquito bite;

One cute little dot;

One pretty pink spot.

The crowd is excited, bewildered, delighted,

All dizzy, like fire and brimstone ignited;

The women all nervous, the children affrighted,

While most of the men have their cameras sighted

On pink and white Mabel, the neat pearly pearl.

The dearie, the darling, the sweet girlie girl.

Oh, heaven! from the lash defend her!

Pity the soft white flesh so tender!

This is the murmur heard the most.
They lead her to the whipping-post;
Face to the post she takes her stand,
Pink and white vision from fairy land.

The Sheriff with official air
Arranges Mabel with great care.
He chains her up exactly right,
Her body bent, her skin drawn tight,
Her skin so dainty, oh, so fair!
Down to the waist completely bare.

The Sheriff stands ready,
His whip hand is steady.

Now Mabel bowed her lovely head,
Closed both her eyes—a prayer said,
Her misery complete.
Glancing aside—bewildered—dazed,
She shudders! see! the whip is raised.
She shrinks against the post quite crazed.

Oh, how her heart does beat!
There comes a blinding whizzing flash
The whip—it gives a crack,
And then a cruel stinging lash
On Mabel's bare white back.

Oh, hear her cry!
Oh, my; oh my!
Look! a pink stripe—
The Delaware type.

Again the whip did rise and whirl,
Whipping the sobbing little girl,
Lashing and slashing with cruel crack,
Whipping her beautiful naked back.

Whipping and whipping, oh, how the whip flies!
Whipping and whipping, what piteous cries!
Lashing and slashing, with cruel crack,
Whipping the skin off her naked back.

Poor little Mabel, frantic with pain,
Screaming and struggling, almost insane;
Trembling, quivering, see the flesh shivering—
All the croud jeering—witty and leering.
So heartless—so vile! The Sheriff, meanwhile,
All patience continues, with strenuous sinews,
Lashing and slashing, with cruel crack,
Whipping the poor little naked back.

Ah lo! a trumpet blow! a sudden blast.
Ho ho! the Sheriff drops his whip at last.
 The punishment ended,
 The law is defended,
And poor little Mabel is writhing, suspended,
 Chained to the whipping post,
 Where pain is nipping most,
 Bleeding—half dying—
 Bitterly crying.

Oh, look at her back! her bare pretty back!
Those cruel pink stripes on her back. Oh, alack!

Ah, many a stripe,
Of the Delaware type.
Hear her moan,
Hear her groan,
In that dull monotone.

The Sheriff meanwhile
Has put on a style,
The cheering is loud as he bows to the crowd.
See him smile!
Oh, that smile,
As he kisses his hand with a countenance bland.
See him wink!
What a blink!
Don't he stink, don't he stink!

The thirty-ninth lash has been given at last,
The prisoner freed from the chain that held fast.
The law is supreme, the whipping is over;
Three cheers now for Wilmington, New Castle,
Dover.

WHEN?

Question

WHEN shall we sinners do quite right,
The politicians cease their fight,
Making queer deals that rob the town?
When will the breaded veal fry brown?

Answer

When the little chickens cackle;
When the ducky daddles quackle;
When the firecrackers crackle
On the hilltop by the stump;
When the owly owls are screeching;
When Aunt Susan's hair is bleaching;
When the preacher, he is preaching,
In the pulpit near the pump.

Question

When will the days be always fine,
The river take another turn?
When will the ocean have no brine?
When will the pancakes cease to burn?

Answer

When the attic beams are creaking;
When the micey mice are squeaking;
When the coffee pot is leaking
On the table near the door;

When the angry sea is breaking;
When my large back tooth is aching;
When my mother dear is making
A bread poultice for my jaw.

Question

When will the frying-pan be graceful?
When comes the crack of doom?
When will quinine be less distasteful?
When will the toadstools bloom?

Answer

When little Ikie's teeth are munching
Dodo wings for a mid-day snack;
When all his soul is wrapt with crunching,
Washing it down with apple jack,
Licking his lips when his father says, "No, no!
Ikie dear, no second helping of dodo."

Question

When will the earthquake stop its quake?
When will the pudding never bake?
When will the snow-man rake the flake?
When will the frog pond be a lake?

Answer

When the bagpipes warble flutelike,
To the song of Gypsy Toot Mike;
When the women stop their cute hike,
To show their strength and pluck;

When the doctors are all quacked mad;
When the frying-pan is cracked bad;
When we all forget the hacked fad,
Our story of hardluck.

So let us all be care free,
And over our pink tea
Resolve to let no spite bee
Come poison our delight.
Stand pat, let's all be jolly,
No Mollie Coddle Nolly;
The top notch of all folly
Is grumble day and night.
Don't grumble, don't stumble.
Hold, hold! don't scold,
Don't fight! keep bright. Amen.

OH THERE!

Oh, there was a man with a brass Adam's apple,
Who one morning entered the moss-covered chapel.
The sexton, he stood near the pulpit so green;
His face was unwashed and not fit to be seen;
He stuttered, he muttered, he talked through his hat,
He sang like a bat and he coughed up a rat.
The fleas from this rat scattered all through the chapel,
And ate up the man with the brass Adam's apple.

Oh! there was a man with a celluloid throat
Who once sailed along in a little green boat;
His wife, she was troubled with ossified liver;
Her thumb, it was pierced with a sharp oaken sliver.
Now this sliver, this liver, this boat, and this throat,
Were at last swallowed up by a petrified goat.

Oh, there was a man with a lop-sided ear-drum;
It caused him to swagger, he was quite a queer bum.
He swaggered so much it affected one eyelid,
And everyone laughed at whatever this guy did.
At last he decided, this life's but a bubble,
Then jumped down a well, and so ended his trouble.

Oh, there was a man with a mangy mustache,
Whose nostrils were spotted with green nettle-rash;
His left arm was swelled to a horrible size;
He stretched up his right hand and scratched out his
eyes;
He tore out his heart, he gulped and he sighed;
He burst all apart, and we fear he has died.

Oh, there was a man who harangued a large crowd;
His gestures were awkward, his howlings were loud;
He injured one tonsil, he twisted one wrist-joint;
So into his mouth we inserted a sharp point.
And being quite sick of his shouts at the rabble
We cut out his tongue, and that finished his gabble.

Oh, there was a man, who when living down South
 cursed,
Then dared to sing hymns without washing his mouth
 first.
This shocked all the neighbors so much that they
 grabbed him,
And spanking him soundly, they afterwards stabbed
 him;
And being hard up, and requiring cash,
They fried him in butter and sold him for hash.

Oh, there was a man who stole forty-eight dollars,
Investing the same in six cats with green collars,
And wanting some dishes, he bought six tin milk cans
This extra expense made him steal twenty silk fans.
Now, fearing his conduct not quite on the level,
He blew out his brains and then went to the Devil.

KIPPENS

I LIKE dogs—I love cats,
Guinea pigs and white rats.
Only dumb creatures:
Eloquent teachers!
Oh, such fidelity!
How it comes back to me
What once befell a flea,
Pussy cat found on me.

Treat quite unreckoned,
Seen, caught and eaten
All in one second;
Battered and beaten.

Pussy cat purred with glee.
Oh, how Puss rubbed 'gainst me.
Oh, what a triumph, quite,
On the flea, out of sight!

Kippens was the kitten's name,
Very soft and very tame.
Topaz eyes,
Very wise.

Oh, pity the Kitty.
She disappeared soon after,
Like little Johnnie Shafter.

Dear Kippens, I'll always
Remember no brawl pays.
Fighting all night, Kitty,
 Roaming the dark city
 Is not right you see.
 It don't pay for me.

Oh Guinea pigs, rabbits, pet goats, and white rats,
What makes many people love dogs and hate cats?

A pig is a pig, a rat is a rat;
A cat, you know, cannot help being a cat.

Poor Pussy, you'd much rather be an Archbishop,
And live in a palace with servants to dish up
Canaries, green catnip, soft canopied bed,
And everything else at the toss of your head.

Dear Kippens, sweet Kippens, oh, more is the pity,
Instead of a Bishop, you're only a kitty.

But still I've an inkling,
Dear sweet little winkling,
I'll meet you again;
But when, dear, oh, when!

They say cats have nine lives or more.
I'll meet you on some other shore.

Oh yes, yes, I confess.
Draw the curtain, I feel certain,
Kitty cats live on forever.
Kippens, dear, what can dissever,

The love I bear for you,
Dear feline, friend so true.

Kind reader, don't think me a fool.

Forgive this foolish sigh,
Because I have made it a rule,
Sure as I hope to die,
Regardless of sequels,
To treat cats like equals.

And when I pass both sod and clod,
In dog and kitty's land of nod;
Knowing who loves her, purring with glee,
Kippens will come and welcome me.

WHERE THE FIRECRACKERS CRACK

(TO THE TUNE OF "OLD SOLOMON LEVI")

OF all the places in this world, there's none can beat,
you bet,

The terrace where the water lilies all keep dry, not
wet.

Upon the fourth of last July I dined beyond my means,
And then the firecrackers cracked, and cracked my
dish of beans.

CHORUS

He dinkety di do!
Hinkety kinkety wink!
He dinkety di do!
Blinkety! Blinkety! Blink!

When the beans are in the oven and when everything
doth smack

Of that hifalutin terrace where the firecrackers crack.

Little Johnny Jumper jumped one morning in the
spring,

Little Johnny Jumper stole his sister's diamond ring,
Little Johnny Jumper jumped close to a deep, deep
well;

Little Johnny Jumper jumped and found himself in
Schenectady.

CHORUS.—He dinkety, etc., etc.

WHERE THE FIRECRACKERS CRACK 25

One day I kicked my mother and she said, "Please, Alfred, don't."

My answer was, "Dear Mother, after this I think I won't."

The neighbors, should they see me, might think my conduct queer;

And so I promise never more to kick you, Mother dear."

CHORUS.—He dinkety, etc., etc.

Little Tommy's upper teeth one morning got on edge,
Because he tried to bite the iron runner of a sledge.

His father said, "My bonnie lad, I'll have to make you thrill,

So contemplate the carpet while we practice bamboo drill."

CHORUS.—He dinkety di do, etc., etc.

There lives a man in London town whose ears are
dapple gray

In the early part of autumn, in the latter part of May;
And when the blazing sun comes out and everything
doth freeze,

Instead of being dapple gray his ears are full of fleas.

CHORUS.—He dinkety di do, etc., etc.

I know a charming fellow, his name is Abel Strong;
He is not very short, nor really could he be termed
long.

26 WHERE THE FIRECRACKERS CRACK

His elbows have the jaundice, his brain is quite befogged,
His hair is full of mushrooms, and his neck is waterlogged.

CHORUS.—He dinkety di do, etc., etc.

Myself and my friend, Jimmy Stick-in-the-mud, we
don't like application;
We polish the sidewalks all day long in seeking recreation.
Two sons of the soil, we live without toil,
We feed like royal Turks;
We have good luck
In getting our chuck,
And to hell with the man that works.

CHORUS.—He dinkety di do, etc., etc.

DEAR AUNT ANN

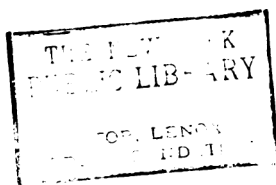
AUNT ANN has arrived, I see.
She has brought a strap, Oh, gee!
Little James looks very sad—
Goodness me, it is too bad.
Something strange will soon occur,
What it is you must infer;
Something weird will happen soon—
What it is ask of the moon.
Moon, lunny, puny, spoony moon!

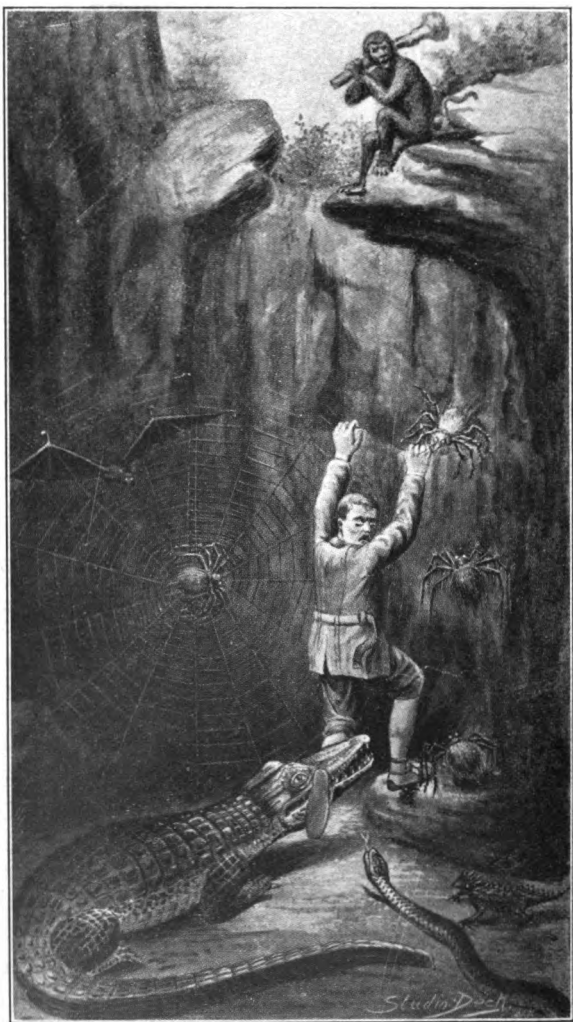
Little Johnny lost his cap,
Aunt Ann has mislaid the strap.
Oh, dear me, what shall we do?
How create the boo-hoo-hoo?
I have hit upon a wrinkle,
You shall learn it in a twinkle.
With these tongs his nose I'll tweak,
That will make him loudly squeak,
Squeak, squeaky, squeaky, squeaky, squeak.

Little Peter stole some hash,
Therefore he deserves the lash.
Dear Aunt Ann is taken ill,
Some one go and buy a pill.
We must truly now confess
We are all left in a mess.
How shall we chastise this lad?

We must go consult dear Dad;
Dad, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Dad!

Pills to health Aunt Ann did bring,
Now her arm the strap will swing,
Bow your heads and raise your hats,
Ring the bell and call the brats,
We will have a picnic, dears,
To atone for misspent years;
We'll a celebration make,
That will truly take the cake.
Cake, cakey, snakey, fakey cake.





TRIBULATIONS OF PEFULARTIES

TRIBULATIONS OF PEFULARTIES

CANTO I

A CUTE little dope fiend sat cleaning his ear,
One bright summer morning in June.
He dug with the stump of a pencil—how queer!
His own patent cleanser—poor loon!

From his name, Pefularties, you'd think him a Greek;
But no! Not at all! He is only a sneak
From prosy York State, a regular freak
Who digs with a pencil;
Alas! such a dense Bill.

At school he won Greek prize by cheating,
And then he gave a child a beating
Because the child was very wise,
Smelling the trick that stole the prize.

So instead of plain Billy boy,
All his crowd in a silly joy
Dubbed him Greek Pefularties—
'Twill his dear Ma and Pa tease.

Poor Pa!

Poor Ma!

Who always condone their pet,
Dear Billy goat boy, you bet!

The next event,
 Him great fame lent.
 He stole some rubber coats,
 Then sold them; felt his oats,
 Just like a well-fed nag.
 Hugging his money bag
 He ran away to fair Colorado
 Deserting both his Ma and Dad, Oh!

For many years he roamed the wild West,
 Then thought he might prefer the South best.

Dazzled by vain glory,
 Now comes the pain story.

CANTO 2

One picture of the South I'll now present:
 Down in a pit is Pefularties pent;
 Deep in the pit did Pefularties fall.
 He tries, he tries, but can't get out at all.
 Was ever a poor sinner in such stress?
 He can't get out—he's in an awful mess.

An alligator, living in the pit,
 Has grabbed him by one leg, he thinks he's it.
 He loves to hear poor Pefularties squeal,
 He loves to see him wriggle like an eel.
 The alligator smiles with ardent zeal,
 Fixing his face all ready for the meal.

Roused by the struggle, spiders, far and near,
Nice large fat spiders, ready for good cheer;
Crawl down the rocks, approach from every cleft,
Stinging poor Pefularties right and left.

Far up the cliff upon a rocky ledge,
A monkey swings a heavy club-like sledge,
Daring poor Pefularties to climb up.
Poor Pefularties! Billy goat—poor pup!

How he got out of this sad scrape, I don't know.
Escape he did, I'm sure of that, yes, just so.
In old York State he suddenly appeared
In broad slouch hat, blue tie, and small red beard.
High boots, both spurred, with eyes of sickly green,
The lop-eared stranger comes upon the scene.

His neighbors dubbed him this, a pack of rude Dutch,
Because his slouch hat made his ears protrude much
And as the lop-eared stranger he is famous
Throughout the land; West, North, South, East;
Oremus.

He met the sweetest girl in town.
This lop-eared beast, this pimpled clown,
And by his wit,
He made a hit.

The girl's only brother, suspecting some danger,
Advised her to shake off this gay lop-eared stranger.
She answered him thus:
"Pray don't make a fuss;

My Willy I'll stick to;
 I'll get him to lick you.
 He'll smash you to grease,
 So leave us in peace."

CANTO 3

The wedding day came without delay;
 The Devil, though lame, had all his way,
 Full sway, full sway;
 All day, all day!

The bride was dressed in spotless white.
 She started out in glad delight;
 She reached the church; there stood the groom.
 Five minutes more, she met her doom
 For weal or woe.
 No weal! No, no!

Out in the graveyard flowers bloom
 Close to the shade of her father's tomb.
 The wind swept by with a dismal cry;
 The raven croaked in a tree close by;
 The bell now tolled with a doleful knell,
 Just like the howl of a soul in hell.

Inside the church the pledge is given;
 The fatal nail, forever driven.
 The groom bent close to the priest and said,
 "I'll pay your fee next week instead;
 I've got on my other pants to-day."
 And then he led the bride away.

A cold damp thrill seemed to freeze the will
 Of all the wedding guests, how still!

All mockery! it bodes of ill.
No Godspeed here: Oh no! all chill.

Hark! Hark! hear the bell peal; toll after toll,
Like the dismal howl of a long-lost soul.
Choirs of vampire bats raise a cry,
Carrion crows sing a sweet lullaby.

CANTO 4

A month has passed, oh, frightful change!
The bright red beard has got the mange.
New pimples sprout both here and there;
The lop-eared stranger has less hair.
Is he a hero? What d'yer think?
His ranch out west is on the blink.
The truth, alas! has now come out,
He stands unmasked, this pimpled lout.
He never owned a ranch, forsooth,
Come close; I'll tell you all the truth.

List, list!

Hist, hist!

In spite of his slouch hat, his pistol, his dirk,
A second-class house-painter quite out of work
There stands revealed,
Quite, quite unsealed,
The red-whiskered hero now fallen to zero.

Ah, never a cowboy at all,
His pride had a terrible fall;
Only a painter—the rat,
Not a first-class one at that.

There was some talk of Doctor Tar,
Also his partner, Feather;
But all grew calm without a jar,
And now came pleasant weather.

The pleasant weather lasted short.
The helpless victim found she'd bought
A leach. A sneak. In fact—she's caught,
Trapped by a grasping, pimpled wart.

This pimpled wart wasted
His wife's private income,
And soon they all tasted
The fruits of a gin bum.

 The whisky bum,

 This frisky bum.

 Putrid offenses.

 My! such pretenses!

Out all the night, shattered and nervous,
This his excuse, early Church service.
Oh, vile doubled life. Oh, lop-sided pill!
His poor abused wife, she sticks to him still.

Year followed year—the same old story,
More highly colored, now red and gory.
This second-class painter, this meek Simon Peter
Has now become changed to a first-class wife beater.
When all of a sudden, he opium adds
To the list of his charms, and a few other fads,
 Fads grimy! Eyes slimy.

CANTO 5

The curtain rises on the final act,
The young mechanic with his brain all cracked.
Last scene of all, this contemptible smug louse,
Finds himself nearing the doors of the bughouse.

Ring out, ye bell, ring out and tell
What doom on Pefularties fell.

The lop-eared stranger sits alone
Munching away at a marrow bone,
Holding it firm in his strong right hand,
Chewing away to beat the brass band.

 This shrimpled shrimp,

 This pimped pimp.

His left hand grasps his friend the pencil.
Poor lop-eared Pefularties, dense Bill!
He digs and he digs and he digs at one ear—
There certainly must be some wheels out of gear.
He listens, he sees—strange sights, such queer fleas.

 He fights them,

 He bites them,

He swallows them whole,

 He clips them,

 He nips them,

Poor suffering soul.

One little Devil, tattered and twisted,
Quickly stepped forward; gently insisted

36 TRIBULATIONS OF PEFULARTIES

Poor Pefularties should drink of his chalice.
Down with one gulp pours this nectar of malice.

The lop-eared stranger sees the pit once more.
Most awful phantoms all around him claw.

Old times come back;
He's on the rack.

Motheaten apes in a hollow square
Chatter and grin with ecstatic stare.
Six Gila monsters, withered and bent,
Sputter and snort to their heart's content.
Vinegerones with squeaks of glee
Climb down the cliff and join the spree.

See the spiders dance and flirt,
See the alligator squirt
Smoke and brimstone from his teeth!
See the fiery, white-hot wreath,
Closing tight about his head
On the rack, all bleeding red—
Mockery of a dying bed!
One gasp more—the man is dead.
That stiffened form—that sightless stare!
The soul has fled—but where? Oh, where?

Again the raven gave a croak,
"I'll hide you now beneath my cloak."

But stop! Don't judge! We cannot tell.
Hope for the best that all is well.
Where is his soul? We cannot tell.
We hope—but oh! That dreadful bell!

Again the raven croaked and said,

"This is a merry dying bed.

Croak, croak! Oh hell!

Croak, croak! Farewell."

THE EXECUTIONER

I AM an executioner bold : I work near the deep,
deep river,
By the Traitor's Gate,
Where many a fate
Is sealed when my axe doth quiver.

I dearly love my work, I dearly love my axe.
When I chop off a head,
That's the way I make bread,
With classic hacks and cracks.

Some say I'm a lout and a clown ;
I often am called up to town.
My tastes are domestic,
I'm put in a mess quick
When told to do victims up brown.
I say brown—I mean red—a bright clear, healthy
red.

I know when I die, with what food I'll be fed.
When I pass in my checks
An array of red necks,
All bleeding, will dance a quadrille round my bed.
With a high diddle di.
Diddle—Oh my, oh my!

I live near the ocean.
Oh, what a commotion,

When somebody has to be lopped off,
When the bright beacon light,
Sizzles out through the night,
“Come to town, there’s a head to be chopped off.”

My friends line the road,
As I leave my abode,
Jump on the saddle and gallop away.
I hasten to go
Where raising the dough,
By art, is a very rare art I should say,
The art of neat chops.
Then stepping aside
Before the blood pops,
So not to collide,
With the flow from Red Lane
And the nasty red stain.
With a high diddle di.
Diddle—Oh my, oh my!

Oh, this is the song—ah yes—this is the ditty
I sang long ago when I worked in the city,
A work then much needed,
When necks were oft bled,
A work very useful, though minus of pity.
This happened long ago,
Oh misery—oh woe!
It’s all in the past tense.
I’m now on the last fence.

THE EXECUTIONER

Since my axe flashed on high
Many years have passed by.
It seems like a dream since I stood by the block,
Because I retired
Before I was fired,
And settled down here on my lone ocean rock.

A true county squire,
No champion liar,
No wonder I swell when I strut off.
I dream of the heads that I've cut off.
Dozens of Dukes—Earls and Queens,
Old men and young girls in their teens,
From Cardinal Hay
To Lady Jane Grey,
Two wives of King Hal,
Each one a game gal.
My, oh my! I've a good royal list.
I shortened them all,
Each head took a fall;
With one whiz, and one twist of my wrist.

I cannot help but recollect,
I cannot stop my retrospect,
While on long winter nights,
Far away from the frost rills,
Burning log fire lights,
Bring good cheer to my nostrils;
Then terrible shocks to my rim rams
Like poisonous cats with the jim jams.

So I sing my last song :
It is sweet—nixie long—
It is never a chestnut to me.
With a high diddle di,
Diddle—oh my, oh my!
Here it is, let it siz, he, he, he!

I am an executioner bold, I work near the deep,
 deep river,
By the Traitor's Gate,
Where many a fate
Is sealed when my axe doth quiver.

Oh, the axe, oh, the axe!
Oh, the work it has done,
And the fame it has won!
Oh, the hacks, the deep hacks!

Hurrah for the axe!
It crashes and cracks.
I'll never forget.

My lollypop pet
When it whizzed, when it flashed,
When it hacked, when it slew
When it caused a great flowing,
Of rose-colored hue.

With a high diddle di.
Diddle—oh my, oh my!

My heart clings round my rusty love
My well-notched passive turtle dove.
Oh, no, dear axe, nothing can now dis sever
My soul from thee, my close companion ever.
Amen, Amen!

GROANINGS FROM THE SEPULCHRE

"I FEAR there's no more hope," the doctor said.
My friends assembled round my dying bed
With tearful faces, pale as they could be,
Expecting now my last death gasp to see.

I struggled only once and then lay still.
To move or speak I only had the will.
The doctor, leaning softly o'er the bed,
Seeing I'd ceased to breathe pronounced me dead.

My friends then all grew very sickly pale,
My sisters all began to loudly wail.
My mother screamed and fainted dead away.
The fat old parson for my soul did pray.

Not the shortest word had my lips the power to
utter,
Not the slightest sound nor syllable then could I
mutter.
I could not show my soul had not yet fled;
Just like a corpse I lay upon the bed.

The very next day, about a quarter to five,
A beautiful casket did at the house arrive.
Of the finest polished rosewood 'twas all made,
And with gold and silver handsomely inlaid.

Within the casket then was I encased,
And on the parlor table quickly placed.
A wreath of roses lay upon my chest,
With this inscription, "Here he lies at rest."

And all the room was filled with lovely flowers
Which had been gathered from the neighboring
bowers.

The window curtains all were tightly closed,
And dark the room in which I then reposed.

And thus I lay for many a dreary hour
With mind still clear, but yet without the power
To move or speak, or any way to give
My friends a sign to show I still did live.

They all in whispered murmurings did tell,
Gazing on him whom once they'd loved so well,
Of all the traits my character had had,
And all were melancholy, pale, and sad.

The door swung back, the clergyman came in,
He'd snow white hair, red nose, and double chin.
He held a gold-edged prayer book in one hand,
And gazed around with countenance quite bland,

He placed himself close to the casket head,
"Peace be to thee," he then devoutly said,
And opening the gilded book he read
With solemn voice the service of the dead.

44 GROANINGS FROM THE SEPULCHRE

Loud groans and moans and sobs did rend the air
Upon the closing of the funeral prayer.
The undertaker shut the casket's lid,
And then in utter darkness I was hid.

The casket then was placed within the hearse,
My dreary prospects growing yet still worse.
I felt the motion as the wheels turned round ;
The hearse was moving slowly o'er the ground.

How far we rode I really cannot say.
The hearse did jar me badly all the way
As over stumps and stones we roughly rode,
Drawing me nearer to my last abode.

At length we finished up our dismal drive
And at the family vault we did arrive.
The casket then was placed upon its shelf,
And now my feelings you may guess yourself.

Long hours thus I lay within the tomb
With mind still raging on my awful doom,
And wishing that it quickly might be o'er,
That I might be at rest forevermore.

While thinking on my miserable fate,
I sunk into a semi-conscious state.
My shattered thoughts then took another turn
And soon my heart with merriment did burn.

Upon a handsome chair I seemed to sit
Within a spacious hall all brightly lit,
Before a table strewn with cake and wine,
And silver plate of beautiful design.

The great room seemed all filled with merry
 guests,
All drinking ale and beer and making jests.
None gazed upon me as they walked the hall—
I seemed to be a stranger midst them all.

At last one looked upon me with a leer,
Then roared aloud, "What means this fellow
 here,
Sitting up stiff like a lazy worthless lout.
Come, along, boys, and let us oust him out!"

And then the noisy drunken rabbling crowd
With awful maledictions, fierce and loud,
Rushed straight upon me with a deaf'ning scream
That echoed through the hall from beam to beam.
And swinging heavy clubs and canes and sticks,
And jeering at my useless yells and kicks,
Dragged me across the spacious hall so bright,
Opened a window, where the moon gave light,
Gazing but once at the beautiful starry night,
Out of the window, they flung me with all their
 might.

On the way down my head did roughly bump
Against the side of the house with many a thump,

46 GROANINGS FROM THE SEPULCHRE

Sharp throbs of pain shot quickly through my
head,
And ere I reached the ground all sense had fled.

When sense returned I heard a voice, that said,
"For my share, boys, I mean to have the head."
I wondered whether I did dream again,
When on my neck I felt a cutting pain.

And opening my eyes, behold, I saw,
A ghastly sight, that struck me dumb with awe.
A sight that made my frame with terror shake;
A sight that made my very marrow quake;
A sight that drove the cold sweat from my brow,
On thought of which, I even tremble now
As on this sheet I pen this fearful tale,
One that should make the hardest heart grow
pale.

I lay upon a table all surrounded
By fiendish, beastly men with looks astounded.
Each member of this miserable band
Clutched tight a knife within his brawny hand.

Looking upon me a moment in speechless fright,
Never before in their lives had they seen such a
sight,
Out of the room with frantic screams they tore
As quickly as they could, and slammed the door.

It seems, when I'd laid in the vault about a day
Some medical students passing along that way,

Knowing a body had lately been cast within,
Thought if they carried it off, 'twould be no sin.

So into the vault they very stealthily broke,
And thinking they were all playing a capital joke,
Carried my senseless, deathlike body away
To a large dissecting room without delay.

And many happy years since then have fled,
Since that sad time, and still, I'm not yet dead.
The little hair I have is white as snow
And now my frame with age is bended low.

Upon my neck there is an ugly scar,
Which does my looks considerably mar.
Reminding me how near death's door I lay
In years gone by—that memorable day.

A TALE OF FRAUNCES' TAVERN

A.D. 1765

AND OTHER POEMS

PROLOGUE

THE year, one thousand, seven, sixty-five,
The period when France and England strive
To thrust each other from the western shore,
The Ecclefechan strips for iron war.

The Lob Scouse Boy stood on the after poop
With fingers deeply in a bowl of soup.
The Captain called him but he would not go
Because he did enjoy the lob scouse so.

The contents of the bowl was very nice
And so he licked his fingers over twice.
The Captain called again, "Ahoy, ahoy,
Bring me my soup, where is that Lob Scouse Boy."

The boy now brings the bowl of boiling broth,
The wandering Demons leap about the froth.
Black Witchcraft skips upon the fins of night.
The Captain groans beneath an awful blight.

A sulphurous sickly odor struck the air.
The crew, all wondered how it came, oh where!
A spell of sadness filled the Captain's soul.
The wandering Demons danced a farandole.

A TALE OF FRAUNCES' TAVERN. A.D. 1765.

CANTO I

The good ship "Ecclefechan" gave a creak,
The death watch in the bulkhead squeaked a squeak.
The Surgeon shook his head and heaved a sigh
Observing that the sailor soon must die.

The Powder Monkey to the Captain sped,
Bowed low his head, then touched his cap and said:
"I bring you news from Wagstaff's dying bed.
He soon will join the roll call of the dead."

The Captain walked the deck with hasty stride
Then muttered to himself, "the Surgeon lied.
It's all a lie, a hoax, a scurvy joke.
The Guy will live, get well, he must not croak."

That morning Johnny Wagstaff had been flogged,
And now he lay near death, with brain half clogged.
He moved his lips, then pointed to the clock;
And faintly whispered, "Send for Hiram Bock."

The Captain stood beside the dying bunk.
He held his nose as if he smelt a skunk
And seemed to say, "Oh hit him with a brick.
These kind of people always make me sick."

54 A TALE OF FRAUNCES' TAVERN

Young Wagstaff opened both his eyes and gazed
On Captain Hiram Bock who now amazed
Returned the sailor's look, who smiled on him,
Then spoke four simple words, "please douse that
glim."

The good ship "Ecclefechan" gave a lurch
Which quite upset the champion of the birch.
He staggered, timbers creaked, out went the light,
And all was grimy darkness, black as night.

For many moments all was very still,
Then came a voice, it gave them both a chill.
Yea—through the darkness, came a dismal voice.
Demons of water, fire, air rejoice!

The dying sailor spoke; "Sir Hiram Bock
Beware, repent, don't gibe, don't sneer, don't mock.
Beware! your chain is forged, doomed, link on link.
Beware! you totter on an awful brink!

"I die, and yet we'll meet, yea, many times.
Before it is too late, repent your crimes:
The wandering Demons leap, heap coal on coal.
Oh God have mercy on my erring soul."

One gasp, one struggle, Wagstaff is no more.
His troubles now are over, close the door.
On such deep thoughts it is not wise to dwell.
Oh Death: Oh Judgment, Purgatory, Hell!

The victim of the cat o' nine tails sleeps.
He's left his mates, his mess, he's gone for keeps.
Up to the deck with careful hands they drag
The sailor's body in a canvas bag.

One of the crew, a pious, good old Bloke
Began to pray, the Captain quickly spoke:
"Cut that yarn short, you superstitious dunce
And throw the carrion overboard at once."

Oh Captain Hiram Bock, remorseless mocker!
Down went the bag to Davy Jones's locker.
Poor sailor Johnny Wagstaff's soul I ween
Is dancing hornpipes now on Fiddler's Green.

The Captain to the crew now made this speech:
"If any speak of Wagstaff's death, 'tis breach
Of discipline. I'll have my little joke.
I'll stop his grog, and send him up in smoke!"

Next day at noon they sighted Sandy Hook.
The Captain grit his teeth and closed his book.
The log is finished for the voyage now.
Black clouds are hanging on the Captain's brow.

The Lob Scouse Boy, poor simple cracked brained lad,
Without sufficient wit for good or bad,
With canine instinct chafes with bated breath
Scenting calamity, despair and death.

'Twas in the evening of a lovely day
They came to anchor in the lower bay.

56 A TALE OF FRAUNCES' TAVERN

They squared the yards, the anchor rattled, fell,
The officer reported, "all is well."

The Captain jumped into his gig and roared:
"Let every Mother's son remain on board.
If any leave this ship ere I come back
I'll trice him up and flog him blue and black.

"Take well to heart my orders, worthy friends,
For if you don't you'll have to make amends.
You know I mean exactly what I say."
The Captain plied the oars and rowed away.

The Bosin whistled through one crooked fang:
"By gosh, this beats the bugs, I'll leave this gang."
The Quartermaster said, "I'm really vexed."
The Powder Monkey picked his nose, perplexed.

The wandering demons claw, set firm each jaw,
Determined as the skipping battledore.
The head fiend calls the muster, "Fill the gap!
Now, ready! go! Exterminate the yap!"

We all know in the absence of the cats,
The rats and mice hold carnival. Yes, that's
Enacted on the "Ecclefechan's" decks
Regardless of the danger to all necks.

The Bosin pipes his pipe, (most welcome squeal),
"Come take your places, boys, begin the reel."
Oh joy! Sublime? Not. Rot. Oh dreadful spree!
The "Ecclefechan" rings with woeful glee.

Old Chips the Carpenter begins to skip.
 The Quartermaster does the tango dip.
 The classic Turkey Trot is extra queer.
 The Powder Monkey excavates his ear.

ENTR'ACTE

One member of the crew stood all alone.
 The tears were in his eyes, he gave one groan.
 Another moment—listen—hear that splash—
 The lad is in the water, makes a dash,
 Strikes boldly out, swims for the nearest shore
 With lusty strokes, full breath and well set jaw.
 His heart is firm, is true, without alloy.
 God bless his soul! It is the Lob Scouse Boy.

CANTO II

Crook'd Pearl Street, ever turning left and right,
 More gloomy now than ever, casts a blight
 On man, on beast, on every living thing
 Chilling the Watchman's cry, "God save the King!"

The lamp light in the lane is very faint,
 It shines upon a figure cloaked and quaint.
 The figure squirms and crawls along so sleek
 Just like some slimy musk rat in a creek.

Weird dread mysterious powers seem to blight
 This ill conditioned wanderer of the night,
 Sir Hiram Bock. Black vengeance seems to beckon
 The evil genius of the "Ecclefechan."

The Captain starts, transfixed; what can it be!
Both eyes are bulging; look! what does he see?
He sees a Court of Justice, and a Judge.
He tries to turn and run, he cannot budge.

The Judge sits dignified in wig and gown:
He looks upon the Captain with a frown.
The Captain's eye meets his, (he chokes for breath)
It is the sailor who was flogged to death.

The Judge and sailor all in one combined.
The Captain now the prisoner; confined
Within the dock. The lowly sailor lad
Raised from the dead confronts this cringing cad.

"Oh man of sin, Oh Yap, Oh Captain Bock!
You are my prisoner within the dock.
Your sentence death, you crawling beast, you Muck!
I'll have your life before eight bells have struck."

Forth from the ground a penetrating stench,
Arose, enveloping the Judge's bench,
Mixed with a cloud of slimy, greenish hue
That hid the sailor from the Captain's view.

The Captain fell upon his face abashed.
From every side a dreadful tumult crashed.
Plutonian cymbals struck a tardy clang.
Sweet Madrigals of wandering Demons sang.

When hush, the music ceased, a silence came.
All prone the Captain lay, his massive frame

Convulsed with apprehension, begging time,
More time, for expiation of his crime.

He shrieks, he howls, he feels a cold damp hand
Upon his brow. No earthly red hot brand
Could shake him now. He turns, he sees, Oh joy
Can it be true! It is the Lob Scouse Boy!

The Captain clasped the lad and wept aloud:
Yes, this proud Noble, trembling, all cowed
Begged the poor menial boy to help him now
And save him from himself, but how! O how!

The chimes of Trinity began to toll.
The Lob Scouse Boy, taking the leading roll
Conducted Captain Bock with tottering walk
Along the narrow lanes of old New York.

The boy looked keenly as they went their way
For some safe place to rest until next day.
He reads a sign board "Welcome Man and Beast."
Old Fraunces' Tavern—now they'll have a feast.

CANTO III

Old Fraunces' Tavern, famous far and near
For good old Yorkshire pudding, ale and beer,
Now meets the travellers' gaze, (supreme it reigns)
Clearing the clouds that mingle through their brains.

They ring the bell, it answers soft and deep
Rousing the faithful Porter from his sleep.
He gets the key, he turns it in the lock,
Opens the door and welcomes Captain Bock.

60 A TALE OF FRAUNCES' TAVERN

The Porter leads them to a room in back
Shrouded in darkness, snuffy, dismal, black,
Lights them a candle in the candle stick,
Bids them good night and then gets out right quick.

The gallant Captain Bock all in a grouch
Now laid himself to rest upon a couch,
And told the boy to sleep upon the floor
On yonder rug stretched quite across the door.

Soon all is still, all wrapt in sleep profound,
Black witchcraft claims its consecrated ground.
Fantastic forms chassé from out their cavern.
Deep silence holds its sway in Fraunces' Tavern.

When suddenly there came a piercing shriek
As if some fiend had thrust its red hot beak
Straight through the heart of Captain Hiram Bock
Who screamed and howled, transported by the shock.

All Fraunces' Tavern now is wide awake.
The house begins to totter and to quake.
Sharp shrieks belch forth again, and yet again.
The halls are crowded with excited men.

They batter down the door with axe and sledge.
They enter with a rush—a human wedge.
They stopped, they gasped, amazed, too late! too late!
God help his sinful soul, Oh dreadful fate!

That which you sow you certainly will reap.
The Captain lies all huddled in a heap.

Beside the cot, the sailor Wagstaff stands
Waving aloft on high two bloody hands.

He spat upon the cold form on the bed.
He hissed these words above the mangled dead:
"Remember what I said, you Yap, you Muck,
I'd have your life before eight bells had struck."

There came a strange mysterious wind that blew
Green smoke about, it hid the form from view.
It awed the crowd, it kept them all at bay
And when it cleared, the ghost had fled away.

The Lob Scouse Boy stood shouting, "Grab him, stab
him!

The sailor, see the sailor, nab him, jab him!"
Above all this commotion, all these yells,
The chimes of Trinity rang out eight bells.

EPILOGUE

Deep in the shadow of the City Hall
Close to the sacristy of old St. Paul
There stands an obelisk of crisket rock
Which lauds the memory of Hiram Bock.

One autumn night, the watchman on his round
Across the churchyard stopped, there on the ground
Behold! a human form, so still, so dank
With dew; stretched lifeless on a grassy bank.

This world of sin was not for such as thee
Poor boy! Upon his Captain's grave died he
Just like some faithful dog that don't survive
His master's death, 'gainst fate he could not strive.

The moonlight shines upon a childish face.
A smile is on that face, oh state of grace!
He went to meet his God. No trouble more.
The Lob Scouse Boy has reached another shore.

SEVENTEEN GANDERS FROM FLANDERS

CANTO I

SEVENTEEN Ganders
Hailing from Flanders
Are taking a voyage together.
How the saucy brig flies
Under Southern skies
Enjoying most beautiful weather.

The cage of these Ganders
Imported from Flanders
Is lashed to the forward deck.
Quite close to the life boat
That can't sink, it must float
So handy in case of wreck.

The Mate Jimmy Sankey
Rheumatic and cranky
Brought up on the bottle and rope,
Quite spavined with hard knocks,
Unsightly, he stops clocks,
He walks with a droop in his slope.

Jim don't like these Ganders
Imported from Flanders,

He thinks it Tommy rot.

He feels that he's all right,
Then waits for a dark night
To carry out his plot.

At last all is ready.
One shove, quick and steady,
There, overboard, Hil a great lark.
The cageful of Ganders
Imported from Flanders
Goes floating away in the dark.

CANTO II

Old Percival Twiggins
With Spriggins and Wiggins
Expecting his ship to sail in,
Sits waiting and watching,
Feels sure some one's botching
His favorite scheme to nail tin.

The gulf stream has gobbled
The cage. Yes quite hobbled,
The poor little birds badly shaken
Repine in their frail cage
While Twiggins the hale sage
Has tossed up the sponge quite forsaken.

Old Percival Twiggins
With Spriggins and Wiggins
Soon rides in a box on a cart.
The loss of those Ganders
Imported from Flanders
Has broken the poor fellow's heart.

ENTR'ACTE

On the Texas coast
On a hickory post
Straight as a crooked arrow,
Like a twisted bat
All hunched up sat
One narrow minded sparrow.

The sparrow winked
Then cutely blinked,
See that speck on the ocean!
He craned his neck.
Now clickety Click!
There comes a great commotion.

The Penguin bright
With head upright
Clawed at the Petrel Blinker.
The Dodo dropped,
Yes, down he flopped.
The Magpie piped, "the clinker."

The bipeds agree
The speck on the sea
Is nearing the shore. The sage
Doctor Owl says it is,
Don't you see it means biz.
A regular floating cage.

The cage takes a ride.
The incoming tide

Sweeps up on the rocks with a dash.
One thump and a roar,
One bump on the shore,
The cage opens wide with a crash.

No gang plank required.
Bedraggled and tired
The passengers land, very fine.
The seventeen Ganders
Imported from Flanders,
March up on the rocks in a line.

Plain truth is so rare
The wise men declare,
This is a recorded fact.
The feathered bystanders
Stood watching these Ganders,
And now for the second act.

CANTO III

Up high in a crack
Of a rock murky black
Comes music like rattling bones,
Where lively and dappy,
All peaceful and happy
Live seventeen Vinegerones.

The poor hungry Ganders
So lately from Flanders,

They walked with a limp and a moan.
They pricked up their ears.
They heard, oh poor dears,
The squeak of the Vinegerone.

Eager and pert,
Ever alert
The Ganders have groans in their quacks.
Over the stones,
Vinegerones
Are taking a stroll, oh how lax!

The Vinegerones,
And Ganders all bones,
Confront one another with squeaks and quacked
groans.
The Ganders breathe deep,
Then make a big leap
And instantly swallow the Vinegerones.

They swallow them whole,
Each one a hot coal,
A burning hot coal, Oh the sting!
The bugs still alive
In each crop they strive;
The poisonous bugs have their fling.

That night on the rocks
A strange paradox,

Oh poor little birds, such a fix.
The seventeen Ganders
The pride of old Flanders
Are safe in the land of the Styx.

Oh the drones, Oh the groans
Of the Vinegerones.
The stars looked down on the graves of the Ganders.
The whiz of a bat,
The squeal of a rat
Is all the dirge sung o'er the birdies from Flanders.

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QUESTIONS

"WHY has Minnie lost a tooth?"
Someone gave her mouth a blow.
Oh how shocking! How uncouth!
This is not artistic, no.
Now when little Minnie smiles,
Down her throat we look three miles.

"Why is Johnny's jaw unhinged?"
Johnny tried to talk too much.
Bricks went flying, Johnny cringed,
Someone held him in a clutch.
Johnny spoke bad words; Oh fie!
Johnny's jaw is now awry.

"Why is Michael's ear lobe split?
Why has Michael lost his teeth?"
Michael got an awful hit.
Michael staggered, fell beneath
Dennis Dugan's fisticate.
Michael is bilabiate.

"Why does Alfred eat like that,
Standing near the mantelpiece?"
Patient, docile, gentle brat,
Like a little golden fleece
See him rub himself and cry.
"Father knows the reason why."

"Why does little Mabel blush?"
She is musing on the past.
What a pretty rosy flush.
Still she hears the trumpet blast,
Still she hears the babbling brook.
Read it in my other book.

"Why does Winfred hold her tongue?
Does she really hit the pipe?
Has she got a damaged lung?"
She is quite a gutter snipe.
Symptoms now no longer vague,
Troubled with bubonic plague.

"Why has teacher that long switch?
(So methodical, so calm.)"
Gentle Ruth, poor little witch
Now holds out one soft pink palm.
Whiz and whack—a stinging slap.
All is over—just one rap.

"Why does that strange man appear?
See the forceps in his grasp
Like some Oriental Seer.
Hear his voice; Oh what a rasp!
Shocking man, Oh frightful work!"
Teeth from jaws he loves to jerk.

"Why is Phoebe Snow all mud?"
She strolled by the river edge.
Yester eve there was a flood.
Phoebe went too near the ledge.

In the muddle puddle fell.
Now alas! She looks like—well?

Why, oh why should such things be,
All the people in these verses
Joining in the Devil's spree,
First class subjects for the hearses.
Chew the rag, pick the bone,
Let the Devil get his own.

TAFFY ON A STICK

JACK in a box
Taps on the rocks,
Produces the taffy and starts in to lick quick.
Old Mother Goose
Smiling lets loose
Her children all daffy the day of their pic nic.

Little Red Riding Hood fell in the gutter.
Grandmother picked her out thumping her.
Little Red Riding Hood made a great splutter,
Grandmother kept right on bumping her.

The man in the moon felt sad at this
To see all these things go mad amiss.
He hit the old lady with one of his beams
That sent her a scooting a Bun Land of dreams.

The wolf sat yawning near the gate.
He procked up his ears, winking sniffy.
He bristled at Grandma, snarled with hate
Then gobbled her up in a jiffy.

Old King Cole
Merry old soul,
The monarch of Bun Land,
Promoter of Fun Land,
Is taking a nap
And don't give a rap.

The Fiddlers three
Were out on a spree
And never came home till late,
And when they did come,
All three on the bum,
Were in a very bad state.

Fiddler number one disheveled.
Fiddler number two bedeviled.
Fiddler number three, Oh woe!
Lost his fiddle, smashed his bow.

Barbara Smith,
Scratched herself with
The broken bow.
The Fiddlers three
Yelled out, "Oh gee
Go slow, go slow."

Little Maude's spider
Not now beside her
On mischief bent,
Entered the tent.

Oh ho!
Woe woe!
The Queen of hearts is stung,
When presto; bing, bang, bung!

The Queen began to howl and kick.
The King aroused, now grabbed his stick

TAFFY ON A STICK

And said, "You minx! you awkward
cow

Please close your face and stop that row
Or else I'll slit your lip, you shrew
And slip a collar button through,
Then clinch it well inside and out.
I'll teach you how to quench that shout.
I'll box your ear
My pretty dear."

The Queen to appease the old King
Now tried very sweetly to sing,
"The beggars are coming to town
Hard pressed by the old man in brown,"
When who should arrive but the piggie from
Bonner,
Quite minus his wig and without any honor.

The pig caught the poor ugly duckling,
(How could he expect it would luck bring,)
Danced her around through the hall,
Ate her up feathers and all,

Liking it better than roast,
Devil fermented on toast.

Such dancing, such wriggles,
All crazy, all giggles!
The Fun Land
Of Bun Land
Is all full of wiggles!

When listen, hear!
That sound so queer!

The Heavens flash, the thunder howls
Just like ten thousand billion owls.
That rumbling is not fake.
The tumbling rocks proclaim the quake.

Before you could say pittie pat
The King and Queen are both smashed flat,
Flatter than a kite.
Evil, fateful night.

Pluto brought along his taper,
That is quite the proper caper.
Earthquakes always light up fires.
Burning lakes engulf the liars.

It happened thus.
Oh what a muss.
Poor puss in boots,
Away it scoots
Then falls upon its back,
And finds itself
Poor little elf
Not far from Gill and Jack.

The wind got sick of blowing east.
The Salamander had a feast.
Half starved Hyenas were a pest,
The wind now turned and blew south west
Which sent the smoke another way
And quenched the flames on Hop Scotch
Bay.

TAFFY ON A STICK

The Topsy Turveys try to mop
The tigers on the fence.
The taxidermist saves his shop,
But at a great expense.

The list of roast
Includes almost
The contents of the ark.
The little frog
And Polly Wog
Are served on hemlock bark.

Little boy blue
Is in a stew
With grated mice on top.
These dainties tough
Are quite enough
To make an ostrich flop.

The earth still quakes,
The kitten bakes,
Men are scorched like wisp.
Oh dreadful cries,
The red flames rise
Roasting them to crisp.

Baked Alaska never harms,
It always yanks my vote.
Muskrat liver ever charms
The palate of a goat.

Sometimes I think I'll change my trade
 And deal in flounders' fins,
 Or hunt throughout some everglade
 For Tabby pole cat skins.
 Or else perhaps I'll change my mug
 And serve a sentence in the jug,
 Never be still, work with a will
 Chewing the rags in a paper mill.

Excuse me for a minute and a half,
 Excuse me while I go and feed the calf.
 I've thought long on the subject, Mother
 dear,
 And have decided I feel very queer.

Good by,
 Don't cry!

I've said quite enough,
 Cut it out, the hot stuff.

I might go on and demonstrate
 Forever at a fearful rate,

And yet I won't, I'll make it short
 Just like the day I carved my wart.

The donkey brays,
 The champagne pops.
 My will obeys,
 My quill pen drops.

So ends my taffy,
 Don't think me daffy.

TO A DODO

ALL hail, thou mighty feathered dolt
Weird emblem of the thunderbolt.
Thy fame, Oh Madagascar's pride,
Throughout the world is spreading wide.

Poor Dodo, now in realms unknown
Forever left thy once proud throne,
Quite gone, a veritable Guy fled,
Thy very name a joke, poor bi ped.
Thy graceful beak is seen no more.
Thy voice no longer holds the floor.
Thy swinging walk, engaging smile
No longer animate thy isle.

Quite true it is, poor bird maligned,
That many people feel inclined
Oh Dodo dear to use thy name
Mixed up with expletives un-tame.
The politician of the day,
Just like some wild beast turned at bay
Who execrates, thus doth berate
The opposition Candidate,
"You Dodo Rook, I'll fix you yet
You Chump, I'll get your scalp you bet.
You Dodo Owl, I'll break your rungs,
Jump down your throat, stamp on yer lungs

In one day more, you Dodo Jack
I'll have you flat upon your back."
But stop, Oh Dodo, dear, I grieve.
My heart beats fast, a great upheave
To think that any doubtful word
Is ever linked with such a bird.

Good Dodo, unexcelled, now rest
Secure, you are the very best
Of birds, bright star, your glory fixed
Oh purest gem, all gold unmixed.
Now Dodo sleep, you stand immure,
Forever great, your fame secure.

The maelstrom may be dried up.
The mother dog may lose her pup,
The oatmeal cake be turned to wheat,
The tabby cat her kittens eat,
The beetle toot his bugle call,
Niagara's torrent cease to fall.
So Dodo dear have courage now
And scratch the cobwebs from thy brow.

Consider all the fame, great bird,
Bestowed on thee, yea, every word
Of adulation far beneath
Thy rich desert, thy laurel wreath.

Hold up your beak, and don't stop. Watch.
Be sure you seek the high top notch.

Pull down your chin, stick up your lip
And then you'll never get the pip.
Oh gentle Dodo, pray be calm.
You cannot now be brought to harm.
Thy past secure, thy future gleams
All sunshine bright with radiant beams.

SNOOKY BILLY

WHY is Billy all unstrung?
See the nasty little sneak
Standing on the ladder rung,
Puffing out his pimpled cheek.
Pretty Emma neatly shook
Billy. Now he's quite forsook.

How is Billy's jugular vein?
See the bruise upon his jaw!
Snooky Billy has a pain,
Got it in a corner store.
One good punch upon his mug,
Then he landed in the jug.
Little wife got him out,
Paid the fine that set him free,
Got a carriage for the lout,
Brought him home in secrecy,
Then he hit his wife a swot,
Took a nap. Oh beastly sot.

Billy lives upon his wife.
Billy don't approve of work.
Billy lives a double life.
Billy should have been a Turk.
Fond of mottled turtle doves,
Capable of many loves.

Wife knows the life he leads
But she is a faithful spouse.
Quite condones his evil deeds,
Though she sees he is a louse—
Willingly accepts the pill,
Calling him her Snooky Bill.

Saintly woman, faithful wife,
Since you first became a bride
All your days one hopeless strife
Trying hard his sins to hide,
Turning from old friends well tried.
When you took his part, you lied.

Foolish wife, misguided, blind!
Have you not one single tear
For that lost one. How unkind,
How you wronged your brother dear.
You have made your rocky bed.
Sleep upon it, ram your head.

Billy's trade is chewing rags,
All his teeth are badly nicked,
Sad result of many jags.
Snooky has been lately licked.
Something in his brain has clicked
Like a chicken roughly picked.

Gentle Reader, draw the latch
Duck your head and close the hatch.

SWEENY TOD

THE day of the execution broke,
The sun extra brightly shone; a cloak
Of darkness permeated all
Within the jail, and cast a pall
Upon the keepers, matrons, turnkeys,
Causing a wholesale, deep gol durn wheeze.

Oh Sweeny Tod, Oh Sweeny Tod,
You think you are a model Cod
Because you dine at dirty Dick's
And give poor Sinners rickety jicks,
Because you are the hangman high
In great repute where e'er you ply
Your trade upon poor fallen wrecks,
And earn your fame by breaking necks.

All is bustle in the jail.
Joyful rapture wags its tail,
Expectation, all on wing
In the prison yard, pong ping.
Little birds their carols sing
Dancing round a rosy ring.

One man sang another tune.
Tune of "Slip knot Mike Magoon."

Hapless wretch, the poor condemned,
Iron bars about him hemmed
Holding him as in a vice
'Til he paid his awful price.

Here in his cell we find him now
With heated brain and fevered brow
Gazing around with a ghastly stare,
Paroxysms of rage and despair.

All of a sudden he starts with fear.
A heavy footstep falls on his ear.
The jailer enters with a tray,
The man's allowance for that day.
Setting it down he then withdrew,
Locked tight the door and barred it too.

The man now left alone again,
Tormented with the curse of Cain
Strides up and down his dismal cell
Trying in vain remorse to quell,
Trying his guilty conscience to kill,
Trying the thoughts on his future to still.

At last he pauses near the tray
Of food that had been left that day.
He sees a long knife gleaming there,
And overcome with deep despair
Groans out aloud, "life for a life,"
Puts forth his hand, grasps firm the knife.

Now from his presence we must turn.
Now to the Sheriff's room adjourn.

'Tis nearly noon, the time draws nigh
When the poor criminal must die.

The Sheriff, with a careless air,
His mind serene and free from care
Looks at his watch and then says, "well
It's time to move." He rings a bell.
The turnkey smilingly appears,
The looked for order greets his ears.

"Fetch the prisoner here," the Sheriff cries.
"Hurry up too, the time quickly flies.
Don't poke along, you usually do,
Bring him to me, and quickly too."

The man hurries off the culprit to bring
And with joy does jump, skip, whistle and
sing.
Again the iron door swings in.
Oh wicked act, Oh deadly sin!

Behold upon the cell's damp floor
Haggard and stiff and drenched in gore
With bleeding throat the man did lie,
Quite rigid, cold, thus did he die.

The bells rang out a fruitless toll.
I fear the man has lost his soul.
I fear the Devil comes out first,
The blackest angel slakes his thirst.

SWEENY TOD

That night a sad faced man sat up.
He did not taste the flowing cup.
He'd had an unsuccessful day.
The turkey buzzard lost its prey.
He don't feel like a model, Cod.
The sad faced man is Sweeny Tod.

The bait is bit, the fish is hooked.
I greatly fear your goose is cooked.
Now let the welkin ring! All screech:
"Oh Sweeny Tod, you are a peach!"

Oh Sweeny Tod, don't be a loon,
There'll be another hanging soon.
Begin the ditty, start your tune.
Your song of "Slip knot Mike Magoon."

We all will try to join you in
The chorus, go ahead and win.
Oh—yellow goats, Molasses!
Oh Ephraim Manasses!

The tea leaves circle there and here.
I see thy future written clear.
I see thy corner barber shop.
I hear a dreadful hollow flop.

I see thy victim stumble, pitch;
Sink through the floor and reach the ditch,

Fleet ditch. And now I plainly see,
Suspended on a gallows tree,
Thy form. Oh Sweeny Tod. Repent.
Relentless fortune makes a dent.

I see a surging multitude.
I see thy swollen tongue protrude.
Sweeny has munched his own sweet pill
And cashed the last receipted bill.

HUBBIE HAS WORK AT LAST

Dedicated to Pavement Stone Polishers

(Tune of Johnny Comes Marching Home)

THE bells are ringing, people shout,

“Oh my! Oh my!”

They arch their eyebrows, seem to doubt

The guy, they cry.

It's too tremendous, can't be true,

They look at me, then turn to you.

Where are the proofs, what is the clew

That hubbie has work at last.

Send for the halo, give him his due.

Yes, hubbie has work at last!

Now hubbie awakes from his fit of the blues.

The skunk! the skunk!

He knows he can pay for that new pair of shoes.

What punk! what punk!

He now has a chance to make up his arrears

Without any conscience, without any fears.

He's gobbled a paying position, my dears.

Yes, Hubbie has work at last.

He lived on his wife for at least twenty years.

But Hubbie has work at last!

Now Hubbie can handle his own pocket book.

The sport! the sport!

Make love to sweet Emma the housemaid and cook,

And not get caught.

He knows where to pick out a nice corner nook,
In that gay cabaret by the side of the brook.
Poor wifie at home, nice hubbie the crook.

Yes, Hubbie has work at last.
Sweet Emma calls Hubbie her own Tooky Took.
Dear Hubbie has work at last!

We'll never find out till the great judgment day
Oh no! Oh no!
Why suffering women are eager to pay
Just so, just so!
Buy pants for their hubbies forever and ever
And don't ask one question for twenty years, never,
But patiently wait till provokingly clever
Pet Hubbie has work at last!
The faith and those knots nothing ever can sever;
Dear Hubbie has work at last!

Now Hubbie and wife are sentenced for life
To Hell! To Hell!
In all kinks of weathers they sizzle like feathers.
They smell, they smell!
Now Hubbie and wifie are shoveling coal.
In Hades they work from Equator to pole.
They don't like their job, it's a Hell of a hole
Where Hubbie has work at last!
Each culprit a pill, they bubble and grill
Where Hubbie has work at last!

THE SHIP SAILED ON FRIDAY

DID you see the soldiers march along—
Did you see the banners waving,
While the parrot sang another song
And the barber kept on shaving.

Did you see the tom-cat arch his back
And hiss loudly at that guy gay
While the rattlesnake fell in the sack,
And the good ship sailed on Friday.

So hop up there, and drop down here,
Tip your elbow quick! you guy gay.
For the mulled bock beer will be served next year.
And the good ship sailed on Friday.

The pumpkin pie got full of snails.
How do you think I fixed it?
I got a pint of rabbits' tails
And in the dish I mixed it.

I gave the mess to Uncle Ben,
He is a dreadful fellow,
He threw it at the speckled hen
And then began to bellow.

So hop up there and drop down here
Tip your elbow quick! you guy gay.
For the mulled bock beer will be served next year.
And the good ship sailed on Friday.

Did you know that Tommy Rot has got
Another bright green necktie,
Such a fine job lot, from Ike the sot,
A veritable gay guy.

They hanged him up on a green pear tree
While the mob was wildly raving.
With a fiddle de dum and a fiddle de dee,
And the barber kept on shaving.

So hop up there and drop down here.
Tip your elbow quick! you guy gay.
For the mulled bock beer will be served next year.
And the good ship sailed on Friday.

HIT THE PIPE

A BLITHESOME neat potato bug
Lay dying on a chip
Which rested on a Persian rug
All stained with greasy kip-

Pered herring. See the dying eyes
Are riveted; the type
We often see in old pig sties.
Some man doth hit the pipe.

Six demons in a rocky dell
With voices clear and high
Sing halleluia, go to Hell!
Jerusalem, you guy!
We'll wreath your brow with garlands sweet
Then grind your flesh for Devil's meat.

The man that hits the pipe is named
James Ebenezer Grimes,
His character is rank, ill famed,
He's rich with many crimes.
He dearly loves to scratch his head.
There's something that doth gripe
His very soul. All hope is dead.
Poor man! He hits the pipe.

Six Angels on a golden cloud
Sing, "Nixie, Oh the muss.
Poor foolish sinner, damned, all cowed
He'll never eat with us."
The fumes of Hell are rising up,
Salted in flame, the Devil's pup.

Poor Grimes alas, joins the quack class
That prowl, and howl and growl.
Matriculated black jack ass,
Inoculated owl;

Dreams he's in a grove of myrtles.
Little nits are hatching
Cunning miniatures of turtles.
See! he keeps on scratching.

The Angels weep, the Devils chant.
Triumphant howls are cast.
The teeth are gnashed, they gurgle, pant,
"He's one of us at last."
One week ago his soul was ripe
And now he smokes the Devil's pipe.

The dying sinner calmly rests
Upon the Persian rugs
Beside the dead potato pests,
Those red and yellow bugs.
The soul departs. Where? You know well:
Where everything is ripe.
Poor Grimes, now in the seventh Hell
Forever hits the pipe.

HIT THE PIPE

Old Satan hugs the pipe and bugs.

Ten thousand stinging adders

Assail the sinner, jam the jugs

Chuck full of serpents' bladders,

And plant him in the Devil's patch

Where sinners hit the pipe and scratch.

TO THE GUILLOTINE

WHAT a nifty guillotine!
Perfect in its many parts.
Quite the greatest killer seen
In this world of many arts.
Very sharp: so slick, so keen.
What a pretty Guillotine!
Labor saving; useful pet,
Mirth provoking; yes, you bet!

Did you ever see it slice?
Did you ever hear it clack?
Dulcet, beautiful, precise,
See it pile up stack on stack
Human heads, so neat, so clean.
What a fruitful Guillotine!
Dropping heads like falling stars
From the bloody planet Mars.

Gallows, chopping block and rack,
When compared with thee, are slow.
Thou hast such a happy knack.
Bungle? Never! Oh dear no!
Just one clip, thou gem, great Queen!
Tittivating Guillotine!
Ever sliding, chipping midget,
Fascinating, hacking fidget.

Once they sought to banish thee,
From the land from whence thou camest.
But the French are clannish. We
All rejoice. Thou art the gamest
Sport, all brilliancy, all sheen.
Blessings on thee, Guillotine!
Piebald, scientific tinker.
Cat like, nimble, bloody drinker.

Useful instrument. Sublime!
Like some rare exotic delf.
May we never see the time
When they place thee on the shelf.
Thou art such a grand machine,
Retributive Guillotine!
Thrusting heads with gory locks,
Slopping, popping in the box.

The Guillotine is up on high.
Now glut thyself with necks galore.
"Excelsior," thy battle cry
Great advocate of ruddy gore.
Thy glory be forever green,
Ever majestic Guillotine!
Hear it thump!
What a bump!
Hear it smash!
What a crash!
The greatest seller yet,
Oh labor saving pet!

LEGEND OF THE GAP OF DUNLOE

THE purple mountain rises steep.
Black ugly cloudbursts crack and leap
Defiant, proud, while far below
Mysterious shades flit to and fro.

The Gap of Dunloe turns and twists
Obstructed by dark bluish mists.
Even at noon day, shadows creep
Along the black ravine, so deep.

One cottage stands there by itself,
Its owner lives alone for pelf,
He is a miser, stingy, close,
A money lender, mean, morose.

Across that pretty grassy dell
The cot; where Geoffrey Lynch doth dwell
Stands weirdlike, solitary, prim
Within a rocky chasm, grim.

There comes a pattering of rain,
Just as the day begins to wane.
A light gleams through the window pane.
The place is free from earthly stain.

Angel of death, canst thou unroll
The fate of Geoffrey Lynch's soul?
Is he in bliss, or does he bake
Or bubble in the fiery lake?

Oh what is taking place beyond
The fringe that hides the cancelled bond?
What has the process brought about?
What is the justice meted out?

Saint Peter stands before the portal,
And says, "Begone, thou art immortal.
Oh poor lost soul without a crown
Thy residence is further down."

The flaming sword on high now flashed.
Poor Geoffrey Lynch slunk off abashed.
He fell through space, ten trillion miles
And found himself between two stiles.

Old Father Abraham stood near
Athwart one stile, he held a spear,
Then pointed to the other stile
And spoke with goblinistic smile.

"I see you wear no wedding gown;
Thy residence is further down.
Look! see that steep descending path,
Please go and take thy brimstone bath."

Geoffrey obeys, and now too late
Stands knocking at another gate.

It is the Devil who appears
With fluted horns and gothic ears.

The Devil said, "This is a treat.
Have I the honor now to greet
Some client fresh from cooler climes
Encrusted well with many crimes?"

Now the miser all elated
Cleared his throat, and simply stated,
"I am Geoffrey Lynch, kind Sir,
While on earth I made some stir."

The Devil staggered back, turned green,
His rage was frightful to be seen.
He snorted, foamed; his teeth he ground;
He lashed his tail around and round.

The Devil spake. "You putrid peach!
I know you now, you stingy leech!
You are not worthy of a cell
In any self-respecting Hell."

At this tirade, old Geoffrey Lynch
Said to the Devil, "Loose the cinch,
Where shall I go, my debt to pay,
Porter of Limbo, tell me, pray."

The Devil pointed up to earth,
And said, "Resume the same old berth.
Thy punishment will be to haunt
Thy former home. Begone! Avaunt!"

Oh Geoffrey Lynch, oh man of woe!
Not fit to live in Hell below,
Forever and forever twist
Thy grinding wheel, thy sulphurous grist.

Oh Gap of Dunloe, beauteous spot,
Blurred with one stigma, just one blot.
The self same house where Geoffrey sold
His own immortal soul for gold.

Throughout the country everywhere
The Irish peasantry declare
The house is haunted by the sprite
Of Geoffrey Lynch who roams at night.

Lost soul, forever gulp thy pill;
Though yet on earth, condemned to grill,
Forever roast, a glowing fagot
Oh Geoffrey Lynch, poor rotten maggot.

Mind your business, shun the fight,
Let the lost soul scratch and bite.
Stand up, be steadfast, firm; don't flinch,
Avoid the house of Geoffrey Lynch.

PENDENNIS MCGUIRE

PENDENNIS MCGUIRE had worked hard all day,
From morning till night had been pitching the hay.
He felt hot and tired; he coughed and he wheezed.
Pendennis McGuire the coffee pot seized.

He filled up the coffee pot out at the pump
Then sat himself down on an old oaken stump.
He rested the coffee pot brim full of water
Upon a flat rock; alas, he'd not oughter.
The coffee pot brought a fat bucket of sorrow.
Pendennis McGuire must die ere to-morrow.

His friend Mikey Flannigan, passing that way
Called out, "Hi, Pendennis McGuire, you jay,
Come help me along, I'm in need of a crutch;
You see, I have taken a wee drop too much."

Pendennis McGuire, obligingly quick,
Assisted his friend, the great Flannigan Mick,
Escorted him safe to his home on the plain,
Forgetting his own little nest in the lane.

A blithe squirming centipede, smilingly smug,
With ears pointed forward, inscrutable bug!
All weary with walking, with legs full of kinks
Now closes his eyes and takes forty-two winks.

Oh innocent slumber, refreshing, reviving,
So mystical, cristical, blue devil driving.
The Grand Mucky Muck brings the High Rinky Dink!
The centipede wakes and then calls for a drink.

The coffee pot gleams, 'tis of double blocked tin.
The bug scents the sparkling water within.
He raises his head, makes a hop, in he dashes
And up to his chin in the liquid he splashes.

The coffee pot makes a superb swimming pool.
Refreshing, relaxing, delightfully cool.
The centipede drinks to his fill with delight
Then crawls up the spout and declares it "all right."
He stretches himself almost ready to bust,
Shuts his eyes; takes a nap; the sleep of the just.

The clouds overhead become blacker and blacker.
Stentorian tones ring out, "Back her quick, smack
her."

Wagon wheels grate, causing bright sparks of fire.
Out jumps the hero; Pendennis McGuire.

Pendennis McGuire, staggering, weary,
Wild staring and glarying, bloodshot and bleary,
Rum sodden, quarrelsome, ready to burst. He
Looks for the coffee pot, desperate, thirsty.

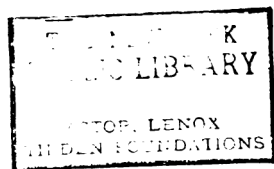
There on the rock gleams the coffee pot, dim,
Flowing with water, quite up to the brim.
Pendennis McGuire grabs quick at the handle.
I fear he is burning both ends of his candle.

He places the spout of the coffee pot deep
Down his throat, takes a drink, gives a choke, then a
leap.

Oh horror of horrors, unfortunate gulp!
His gullet is chuck full of poisonous pulp.
Pendennis McGuire, your chance is now zero.
The centipede gets in its work like a hero.

The centipede sticks in his throat, out of reach.
It can't be choked up; it sticks like a leech.
Pendennis McGuire falls down in spasm
Then gives in his checks for eternity's chasm.
His cat runs away; his dog has a cry,
And this is the end of Pendennis; poor guy!

THE
DEAD RABBIT RIOT
A.D. 1857
AND OTHER POEMS





GRIFFIN AND HIS TAME VINEGERONES

THE DEAD RABBIT RIOT

A.D. 1857

CANTO I

THE organization of Dead Rabbits meet
To-day at high noon at two-six Baxter Street.
The members are mostly expert masons' clerks
Who meet in the back room of Peter MacGuirk's,
The Marquis of Mulberry Bay.

The bunch of hod carriers, minus their hods,
Are eating smoked herring and first class Cape Cods,
Like so many bloaters without any bladders.
The hods meanwhile rest in the shade of the ladders,
'Tis lunch time at Mulberry Bay.

The lunch being munched and washed down by a
chaser,

The floor now belongs to the policy racer,
Sylvester O'Grady, the bug, a great talker.
This day he means business, you bet he's a corker,
The Mayor of Mulberry Bay.

Sylvester O'Grady, the bug, took a chew of
The smoked hunk of herring; he took it in lieu of
Tobacco, then made this announcement while munch-
ing,

His audience howling were ready for punching
And beating up Mulberry Bay.

"My men," said O'Grady, "it's time now to act and
At once, for the Bowery Boys form a pact and
They mane to march through the Five Points, yis
 indade,
Through blood they will wade, sure they mane to
 invade
The district of Mulberry Bay."

The bunch of Dead Rabbits were all in commotion,
Montgomery Flarity rose, he'd a notion,
He called on the crowd to collect all the brickbats,
And then stand in wait for those Bowery Mick rats
 And drive them from Mulberry Bay.

The crowd loudly cheered and declared they would
 do it;
Most hazardous scheme, buggy bug house, they knew
 it;
Nevertheless these full-fledged crazy hod carriers
Blocked up the streets with impregnable clod barriers,
 Cheering for Mulberry Bay.

CANTO II

The Bowery Boys have decided to march, sure,
And give the Five Points one last settling souse cure.
They hold a big meeting, there's all kinds of blather.
The clans from the different wards quickly gather,
 The pick of the Bowery Boys.

They meet in the corner saloon, stick the stake,
Sing Lannigan's Ball, also Finnigan's Wake;

The gin mill in question by name "Badden Badden,"
Is run by the famous Gustavus MacFadden
The chief of the Bowery Boys.

A voice said, "Beware o' those dirty 'Dead Rabbits,'
We all know too well are addicted to habits
Outrageous! They threatened, yes, this very morn-
ing,

To get us the next time we trespass. Take warning,
Take warning, ye Bowery Boys."

No hand in the wall inciting inditement,
Could ever have brought the frightful excitement
Now caused by these ugly prophetic plain words.
MacFadden in fury exhorted his herds
Of crazy mad Bowery Boys.

They rush to the street, they gather in line
(Triumphantly sour like pickles in brine),
The brightest red shirts, the tallest high hats,
Well armed with stout clubs, this gang of wharf rats
The pride of the Bowery Boys.

They march to the tune of the "Dying Cow Jenny."
The child of the regiment, little kid Benny,
With bucket and dipper distributes the drink.
They dance to the music of "Stinkety Wink."
Good luck to the Bowery Boys.

CANTO III

In wild expectation the Dead Rabbits gather,
Up alley way, sally way, wasting no blather,

But grimly determined to fight, no retreat,
The Bowery Boys now intrude on their beat,
The region of Mulberry Bay.

From fair Doyer lane comes the tread of invaders
Resplendent with red shirts, implacable raiders,
Who shout their defiance with impudence, braving
The wrath of the "Rabbits." Oh, hear them curse,
raving
To thunder with Mulberry Bay.

From up on a roof came a voice, "Quick, Mike, swat
her!"

The chimney is seen first to tremble, then totter.
Great Heaven! that yell, Oh, that flash, hear the
smash!

The chimney is falling, great God, what a crash,
Have mercy on Mulberry Bay.

Rocks, splinters and brick all congested with plaster,
Crash dashing, an avalanche bent on disaster.
Such yelling, such cursing, such struggling yeggs!
Such breaking of heads and such tearing of legs,
All havoc in Mulberry Bay.

The cops soon arrive (in the usual way)
Just missing the scrimmage, too late for the fray.
The bunch of "Dead Rabbits," defunct in the lump,
Mixed up with dead "Bowery Boys," form a clump—
The flower of Mulberry Bay.

The fame of the scuffle will never die out
No creature can ever its brilliancy doubt.
From that time to this we have mused on the diet
We gobbled that day at the "Dead Rabbit" riot.
The glory of Mulberry Bay.

WILLIAM THE BUTCHER

THE rambling goblin twists his wrist
And grabs the kindling brimstone grist.
Forth from the earth there comes a mist
 Enveloping the throne.

The Hohenzollern lifts his sword
On high, and says, "I am your Lord,
Your war Lord, forward, clip the cord,
 And smash the British drone."

The Kaiser boasts one running ear.
His whole get-up is rather queer,
Rotting away with shrivelled gear,
 This war Lord, son of Cain:
Who raves, blasphemes and howls all wroth,
Who bids his hirelings go forth
To battle red with bloody froth,
 And murder on the brain.

Let kultur revel deep in blood,
The royal Kaiser chews his cud,
Swallows all logic, spits out mud.
 The bloody mud takes shape.
The Death Head legion in the lead
Stabs at the victim, makes him bleed,
Initiates the reign of greed
 Of arson, murder, rape.

Louvain, the beautiful, aflame;
Namur, the strong, has lost the game.
Foul murder in the Kaiser's name
 Is now the cultured cult.
Teutonic cruelty doth lurk,
United with the mighty Turk.
The bolts of Hell get in their work,
 Red death's black catapult.

The Lusitania plies the wave,
Unmindful of the yawning grave,
Unheedful of that low-bred knave;
 William, the butcher King;
Degenerate down to the core,
Unprincipled, defying law,
Exhaling stench from every pore.
 Murder is on the wing.

The black assassin lies in wait,
Chanting the hellish hymn of hate.
The submarine draws near. Dread fate
 Points with a sinister smirk.
See the white ripple on the crest,
See that bright sunbeam from the west,
Guiding with demoniac zest
 The butcher King's sharp dirk.

Women and children struggle for life,
Mother and father, husband and wife.
Death claims the victory. Anarchy, strife,
 Triumphant, cheer, curse and brag.

Rushing waters and rattling guns,
Women scream for their little ones.
Grins and gibes from the cultured Huns,
Piracy shakes out its flag.

The Kaiser groans aloud "Oh, rot,"
The wen upon his head burns hot.
He puts a nickel in the slot,
Then waves his limber wattle.
The drum within his running ear
Beats loudly, see, he shakes with fear,
The fortune-telling slot fakes queer.
Oh, what a mellow rattle!

This is the fortune that he reads
While perspiration, greasy beads
Stand on his forehead. Now he weeds,
Or tries to weed, the chaff.
But all is rottenness within,
At last he knows he cannot win
William the butcher rubs his chin,
Poor derelict giraffe!

The scales don't tip to please the King
The clinging vine says, "Nixie cling,
You can no longer fling your sling,
Go to the nearest dock,
Say to the Devil, 'Friend, you win.'
Give one deep sigh and then jump in.
Your former chums both kith and kin
Will never more say 'Hock.'

But night and day forever, yea
All men will sing, and fling
Your name, poor clay, to black decay
 William the butcher King."

HASH

HASH! hash! hash!
There's a new kind of hash to-day.
Curious kind of a dash
Of spice that cannot allay
The marvelous taste, three cheers for the cook!
The landlady smiles with a faraway look.

The cat grabs something with its teeth,
And quickly carries it beneath
The fence, then rolls about pit pat,
Purrs with delight—it is a rat.

The Swedish housemaid spies the rat,
Then nabs it, saying "Vas is dat?"
She takes it to the cook who grins,
And then at once adds to her sins.

Hash! hash! hash!
Deep, devilish—what is it? guess.
Beautiful silvery clash!
The pewter spoon mixes the mess
Of mystery rare—she's a dandy old cook.
The landlady smiles with a faraway look.
Next day the spotted kitten died.
Ere it was cold two sharp eyes spied
The silent lump of fur. Once more
The Swedish maid defies all law.

Strange smells belch from the kitchen stove.
The vicious boarders vainly strove
To pierce th' impenetrable wall
To find the meaning of it all.

Hash! hash! hash!
The same old story runs.
Boarders wanted. Cash,
(The theme of many puns.)
Regular old-fashioned family cook.
Th' landlady smiles with a faraway look.

And now we have the western breeze;
The caterpillars fill the trees,
From mountain top to grassy dale.
Scrape off the pests, fill up the pail.

Once more the kitchen door opes wide.
Again the rubric, cut and dried.
That smell, that smoke, that crackle pop
Emitting from the chimney top.

Hash! hash! hash!
Wake up, quick, be keen.
Lively! make a mash
With the foxy kitchen queen.
Just get on the side of that bird of a cook,
While th' landlady smiles with a faraway look.

The boarder has a dog, a mut—
Its ears and tail ought to be cut.
The doctor calls, he grabs the whelp,
Doggie begins to fight and yelp.

The ears and tail lie on the dish.
The Swedish housemaid has her wish.
One rapid movement, there now, look,
The dish is carried to the cook.

Hash! hash! hash!
Fetch down the bowl, all hail!
Hash! hash! hash!
Chop up the ears and tail.
Donate them at once to the rollicksome cook,
While the landlady smiles with a faraway look.

So fill up the mugs,
And wash down the hash,
Rats, kittens and bugs
Mixed up with a dash
Of little dogs' tails,
And brown spotted snails,
And worms packed with quails.
Oh the hash, oh the hash!
Oh the wonderful hash!

MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD DAYS

ALL things were dark and dismal, it was early in the
winter.

I had tended to the cattle in the shed,
Had chopped the kindling wood and got a nasty little
splinter

In my left hand, pinky winky, how it bled !
I yanked the splinter out, and then
Ran quickly to my cosy den.

I sat before the fire, bowed my head, and took to
thinking

And blinking, I was in a cosmic state.
A bowl of Jersey lightning on the table kept me
drinking,
Until I felt a buzzing in my pate.
Sweet visions of the past came back,
When suddenly I felt a whack.

My head was roughly bumped, my wit completely
trumped by

A dragon fly so sly, I tired ran.
My weary gullet gulped ; great thunder, I was thumped
by
The mule that often kicked the hired man.
When biff! sights of my dear old home
Throughout my vision seemed to roam.

The hawthorn bush neglected, withers quite away
uncared

For; the water lily nestles in the lake;
The handle of the pump is broken, ne'er to be repaired,
And the peddler is honest—not a fake.
He rubbed my sore head with a cake
Of ointment, till it squelched the ache.

I see my white-haired mother and her dear old bunch
of keys;

She personally does the weekly wash.
The honey suckles cluster, while the extra busy bees
Attack the budding blossom on the squash.
Inside the house the scene is just like when,
So many years ago, I plucked the hen.

There's one little treasure here I ever prize, oh my!
Far more than all the wealth beneath the sea,
That small leather riding whip dear mother swung on
high

While punishing my sister Ruth and me.
The whip now hangs upon its peg
Above the Jersey lightning keg.

The little bunnies bubble with delight and nibble
stubble,

The ancient goat kicks at the pretty kid.
The children sweetly smile and howl with glee. Mean-
while

The guinea-hen eats up the katy-did.
All this by second sight I see,
Oh rapture wonderful, he! he!

The Irish stew is ready, it is time to draw the tea,
 The woodman takes the wedge to split the log;
Out at the pig pen near the barn a tragedy I see;
 They use a clam shell when they scrape the hog.
 They cut its liver out, and poke
 It up upon a shelf to smoke.

While dreaming, shrill I heard the piping of a bird.
 I then awoke; I yelled! Oh, what a bite!
I felt a sudden shocking, 'twas something in my
 stocking,
 I took the stocking off; oh what a plight!
 Oh see that big red patch,
 How I did claw and scratch.

I'd been giving board and lodging
To a bug who had been dodging
And nipping, sipping, clipping, playing tag.
I could not help but scream,
I'd been bitten in my dream,
The bug took mean advantage of my jag.

DANGLING GUYS

THE hangman snorted, rubbered a twist
 With his neck as he sat on the porch,
Then opened, clinched his knotted fist,
 By the light of the dismal torch—
 The dismal torch.

His trade up the spout, yanked to pieces,
 The holiday season drew near,
He thought of those bright little nieces,
 Sweet Meta and Lulu dear—
 So very dear.

He wanted to give each a nice gift,
 But didn't know how to fix it.
He got down his bitters and rice mift,
 And vigorously did mix it—
 Did mix it.

He sighed as he thought with emotion—
 His craft both artistic and rare,
Now spoiled by that new-fangled notion,
 The mighty electrical chair—
 Nasty chair.

He sipped at the grog till it cheered him,
 Dispersing his arrows and slings.
He drank more and more till it queered him,
 And now he sees very tart things—
 Such queer things.

DANGLING GUYS

Long ropes, nooses, cross-beams and traps,
Mementos of sweet bye and byes,
Flit past. Pinioned arms and black caps.
Great hooky, those dangling guys—
Dangling guys.

With elbows well in and tongues out,
The phantoms flit gaily along,
With voices deep, facing about,
Intoning this swaggering song—
Swaggering song.

“My worthy friend, hanging is nice,
Far better than black chicken pox.
So neat, gentle, soothing, precise,
Jack Ketch, with a rope in a box—
Jack in a box.

“Hold on to your gear, hangman dear,
You’ve raked up the tin in your time.
Don’t look through your hat at your ear,
You’ve filled up your purse mixing lime—
Punishing crime.”

The hangman awoke with a whoop,
Then smiled, and observed, “I’ll be rammed,
My savings are not on the droop,
My pocketbook fatly is crammed—
Fatly is jammed.

“Dear Lulu shall have a wax doll,
Dressed up like a queen, robes of plush.
Sweet Meta shall have a green poll
In a platinum cage, fed on mush—
Fed on mush.

"Good luck to those dangling guys.

They've changed all the pith of my life
To sweetmeats and all kinds of pies,
Instead of the blue devil strife—
Blue devil strife.

"Farewell to blue black and black blue,
Dangling guys, sweetmeats, pies
Are mine, never more dismal stew.
Hurrah for the dangling guys—
Dangling guys."

REVERIE OF THE KAATSKILLS

ON sunset rock there perched a bird,
 A chattering magpie jay.
One cadence brief alone was heard
 This day so gay in May.
The wind was soft, my brain most clear,
 The owl cut out its hoot.
Sweet dulcet chirps regaled my ear,
 The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."
 The magpie said, "quack toot."

Far down the clove I see a grove
 Close to the town of Sarket.
The well-tanned rustic drives his drove
 Of nanny goats to market.
I raise the trumpet to my lips;
 The blast shakes twig and root.
The mountains echo from their tips.
 The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."
 The magpie said, "quack toot."

Beyond the clove of Kaaterskill
 The stars and stripes wave out
Before the school of Palenville.
 Oh, hear the children shout.

The teacher waves the switch around
 And says, "Get out, skip, scoot,
 You brats, or else I'll spank you sound."

The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."

The magpie said, "quack toot."

Far up the hill behold a skunk;
 He seems to be all smell.

My brain doth twist, I'm all kerflunk,
 I'm in the mud, Oh, Hell!

What shall I do, I'm sinking fast,
 Look! look! I've lost one boot.

I'm safe across the bog at last.

The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."

The magpie said, "quack toot."

The old gray tower on the shelf
 Of rock presents its clock
 To view. I fear some sportive elf
 Has cast its spell to lock
 Remembrance of my long-lost boot.
 I find the boot; I hoot.

An echo answers, "Ain't he cute."

The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."

The magpie said, "quack toot."

I started home with pensive gait
 Across the muddy bog.
 I felt just like some poor cheap skate
 Belated like a frog

Forgetful of its tadpole, while
 I stopped to nibble fruit
That would not rile my rising bile.
 The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."
 The magpie said, "quack toot."

'Twas getting near my dinner time.
 I quickly made a dash
Across the slime, the mud, the grime,
 For fear I'd lose my hash.
The fish horn sounded, hear it blend
 And mingle its salute,
Yes, jingle with my feathered friend.
 The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."
 The magpie said, "quack toot."

Oh, see the flames, the burning chips
 Where playful laughing kiddies,
With gleeful childish smiling lips
 Sing headless chickabiddies,
When hark! that sound, it is the same,
 A cadence like a flute,
As through the flame a murmur came.
 The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."
 The magpie said, "quack toot."

That night, while half asleep, I heard
 A toot that sounded like
My little friend the pretty bird.
 I thought I still did hike

Across the meadow by the lake,
 When pipe! sweet as a lute
I heard the voice I love (no fake).
 The magpie said, "quack toot,
 Quack toot."
 The magpie said, "quack toot."

A PASTORAL

ADAPTED FOR LYCEUM PERFORMANCES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ETC.

SCENE I

Hillside in Palestine. Bell tower on left.

PILGRIM and STRANGER enter C.

STRANGER

"HOLY Pilgrim, tell me, pray,
Do you ever brush your hair?
Oh, how shaggy, just like hay,
Ragged, quite unkempt, beware.
Change your habit, take a scrub.
Go and tumble in the tub."

PILGRIM

"Gentle Stranger, patience have.
See my whiskers, ain't they thick?
Don't you see I am a Slav?
It is not my place to kick.
Must I grumble with my lot?
Soap and water know me not."

STRANGER

"Holy Pilgrim, what are those
Lumps within your whiskers, say?
Wait until I get the hose,
Soon we'll have a lovely spray
Cleansing out the dust; don't grin,
Turn the spigot, we'll begin."

PILGRIM

"Gentle Stranger, smoothe thy brow.
I must really say thee nay.
I have made a solemn vow
Always to remain a jay.
I decline to wash my face.
Fare thee well, sweet child of grace."

STRANGER

"Holy Pilgrim, I declare
Now I see those horrid lumps,
Heavens! mushrooms in your hair?
First I thought you had the mumps."

(A bell tolls.)

"Hark! I hear the convent bell.
Holy Pilgrim, fare thee well."

[Both exit.]

SCENE II

Exterior of Bishop's palace at R. Tavern at left.

Enter PILGRIM and STRANGER.

STRANGER

"Holy Pilgrim, I'll be switched,
You are curried like a horse.
What strange power hath bewitched,
What hath made the change, what source?
All the mushrooms you so cherished
In your whiskers vanished, perished."

PILGRIM

"Gentle Stranger, it is simple;
Just as plain as plain can be.
Do you see this little pimple
On my nose? It troubles me.
Goodness mercy how it stings!
If 'twould only take to wings."

STRANGER

"Holy Pilgrim, you emerged
From the Bishop's cellar door,
You are clean, have you been purged?
You have washed your lower jaw.
In that purse I hear a chink.
Won't you give your friend a drink?"

PILGRIM

"Gentle Stranger, cork your guzzle,
Mushrooms bring ten cents a quart.
Clinch the brake upon your muzzle.
I confess I have been caught.
Sold the mushrooms for a dollar,
Had to wash and buy a collar."

STRANGER

"Holy Pilgrim, gentle toiler
Hear that crackle, what a smell!
Mushrooms cooking on a broiler,
Holy Pilgrim, you've done well.
Dainties for the Bishop. Cluck!
Now I'll blow you off, my duck."

[Both exit into tavern.]

SCENE III

A Barroom. CLERGYMAN and WIFE at table drinking beer. PILGRIM and STRANGER enter.

BARKEEPER

"Holy Pilgrim, nice and clean,
Gentle Stranger, somewhat soiled.
Mushrooms, grated lima bean
First parboiled and then well broiled.
Never let your zeal abate.
Serve it on the Bishop's plate."

THE CLERGYMAN

"Children, I must raise my voice.
I am pastor of your church.
Happy people, all rejoice,
I'll not leave you in the lurch.
Sunday I'll take off my coat
If you people get my goat.
Holy Moses, mighty Cæsar!
Here I'll raise my Ebenezer."

WIFE OF CLERGYMAN

"Sisters, brothers, pray don't fight,
Everyone should love the Lord.
I adore the free lunch bite.
Smash the purse, let loose the hoard.
Chauffeurs waiting, hear the honks.
One Manhattan, then a Bronx."

A PASTORAL

BARROOM LOAFER

"Won't you pity one poor bum,
Have you got a heart to melt?
Drop a tear, for this humdrum
Johnnie hit the road a welt.
In my throat I feel a tickle
Shovel out one greasy nickel."

CHORUS OF EVERYBODY

"Let us all be happy. See
How the great unwashed doth glow,
Like some dandy dapper he.
Let us all sing 'Old Black Joe'
While the Bishop over there
At his dinner table sits,
Upright in his gilded chair,
Gobbles quick and never quits.
See the Bishop bluster, puff,
Eat mushrooms à la dandruff."

BENEDICTION

(Given by a Clergyman)

"Kneel, my friends, my blessing take.
Presently the calf will fatten.
Always shun the fiery lake.
Sure! We'll drink one more Manhattan.
Each soul clinging to his rock,
Blessings on my little flock.

(*Embraces WIFE*)

"Dear speckled hen,
Amen, amen."

Angel of light sails in on a broomstick.

ANGEL

"Little children, really I
Pin no faith in foxy skates.
They're not smart, just merely sly.
When they die they're packed in crates
Filled with burning red-hot coals.
Lord have mercy on your souls.
May you never boil or bake;
May you sing the song of praise;
May you feed on angel cake;
Mend all errors of your ways;
Scrape the spiritual scruff
Off your hide. Don't be a muff.
Do your duty. Make a hit.
Chuck the devil in the pit.
Do not be a silly kite,
Thus I sprinkle you pure white."

*The angel dips brush in bucket and sprinkles the whole
bunch.*

*Everybody is overcome by emotion. All weep. Moon
shines through window. Invisible chorus of
Monks chant "Te Deum." Curtain descends.*

The piece to be costumed as follows:

CLERGYMAN. Black cassock. White surplice richly embroidered with lace. Carries gold-headed cane.

PILGRIM. Pajama jacket without the pants. Legs uncovered.

Broad-brimmed straw hat. Carries long staff ornamented with gilded eagle at top. Red Turkish slippers curled up at ends.

STRANGER. Modern full-dress evening suit. No hat. Carries large umbrella.

BARKEEPER. White flannel suit. White shoes. Head tied up with wet towel.

LOAFER. Dressed as a tramp. Unwashed. Carries bundle done up in colored handkerchief in one hand and a hymn book in the other.

WIFE OF CLERGYMAN. Short green jersey sweater. No skirt at all. Pink tights. Jewelled order of the garter clasped below right knee. Satin slippers. Very large shaker bonnet. Carries prayer book. Is followed by white poodle dog.

ANGEL OF LIGHT. Red beard. Blue wings. Cavalry boots. Long white robe. Carries bucket in one hand and white-wash brush in the other.

THE HORSE THIEF

MACGREGOR Jay MacDougel
Had a pimple on his bugle
And a ringworm up his cauliflower ear.
MacGregor was a horse thief,
Bold, daring, yes, a fierce chief
And they hanged him on an apple tree last year.
They made him bite a double slice,
Great Scott!
Oh yes, he paid the proper price.
Why not?

He long had been a terror
To th' neighborhood. An error
Seemed to magnify his qualities. The key
At last unlocked the socket
Of th' problem, bumped the locket,
So they hanged him on a sour apple tree.

They hanged him like some nasty bird,
Foul goose;
The ringworm in his ear demurred,
Got loose.

On the outskirts of Rome City,
Indiana, a committee
Decided that the village must be free.
They got the horse thief's goat slick,
Placed a noose about his throat quick,
And hanged him on a sour apple tree.

The pimple faded, vanished, yea,
 Vamoosed.
He kicked (just once) then passed away,
 Unloosed.

MacGregor faced the halter,
His courage did not falter.
MacGregor was a game guy, you can see.
His medicine he gulped down,
His gall was roughly pulped brown.
They hanged him on a sour apple tree.

MacGregor chokes, he gets his due
 Yes, heaps.
His cauliflower ear turns blue
 For keeps.

They buried him with taps.
He's in Heaven now. (Perhaps?)
A shaft of marble rears its mighty head.
The bones beneath the ground
Await the trumpet sound,
"Arise, and come to judgment, oh ye dead."

Meanwhile the pimple and the ear,
 How queer,
Both vanish; now don't waste a tear,
 My dear.

If MacGregor is in bliss
He is finished quite with this

World, always will be happy, no veneer.
His pimple will have vanished,
His evil genius banished,
As also will his cauliflower ear.

But if he died beneath the ban,
 All muck,
Eternity's great frying pan,
 Worse luck,
Grabs tight his soul within its trap,
 Black sty,
And crowns him with a brimstone cap.
 Good bye.

EPITAPH

Impartiality sieves sin,
And if the scale shows scanty weight,
The village where Old Scratch lives in
Is sure to claim its precious freight.

THE PANAMA CANAL

I'LL sing you a song of the Culebra cut,
The place that resembles a mad goat all butt.
The treacherous landslide is ready to slump
And squelch the canal with a squash and a dump.
In the midst of the stream see that small raking scow.
It is filled up with dynamite like a mad cow
All ready to burst at the touch of a match,
So keep on your shirt, please, and don't pull the catch.
The Rip Snorter sits on one side of the stream.
He sups at the bowl of pomegranate and cream.
The fire is low, the liver undone,
The fried monkey withers away in the sun.
On the opposite side of the sluggish canal,
The Rip Snorter's friend, that jolly old pal,
The Hum Dinger, perched on the rocking stone drones
Love songs to his flock of tame vinegerones.
The Hum Dinger dozed on the rocking stone tippy.
The Rip Snorter snorted, demoralized dippy.
The moonbeams beamed down on the sign on the
scow, see,
Read, "Thompson's torpedoes, be careful, allow me."
The vinegerones flirt around the Hum Dinger.
The Rip Snorter scribbles, he is an ink slinger.
Oh ignorance blissful, serenely doltlike.
Cimmerian clouds creep along, thunderbolt like.
The green lizard, beautiful gleams iridescent,
The crawling tarantula sniffs ever present,

The sleek German Indian hides under cover,
The moonbeams reflect from the green lizards' mother.

The tropical sun is a big proposition,
It centers its aim on the scow's ammunition.
The heat is tremendous, the lyddite explodes, click!
'Tis Thompson's torpedoes just having their picnic.

The crackling thunderbolt bumps the bump slick.
The rickety earth slides the slumpety, quick.
The spider, the Hum Dinger, bugs and Rip Snorter
Sink down out of sight in the black muddy water.

Just keep up your courage and don't give a rap, don't
Because if you worry, why, nobody else won't.
Of course they don't mind, don't care nothing what-
ever.

So please follow suit, you'll be deucedly clever.

The daily occurrence of landslides is useful.
It stirs up the insects, it feeds the wild goose full—
I mean his fat stomach and crop were extended—
His tummie felt comfie as homeward he wended.

The Wang Doodle grins with delight, a forerunner
Of rapturous times, he's a "son of a gunner."
More vinegerones and Rip Snorters assemble.
They gurgle with glee and with frightened awe
tremble.

The Culebra cut, one gigantic success is.
Unites the two seas after many a mess fiz.
The spiders and vinegerones have their fling.
Rejoice! all is gladness. Triumphantly sing!

MUTINY OF THE "SOMERS"

DECEMBER, 1842

(Founded on fact.)

CAPTAIN MACK,

Cracker Jack,

"Here's to you, here's to me." That's the toast

On that dandy clipper rig,

The "Somers," a neat brig.

We are off for the African coast.

Sing he! ho!

Off we go!

The little middy Phil

And secretary Bill

Clung to the cross-tree span

Well up out of hearing.

Philip whispered leering,

"Mate, dare you kill a man

If it pays enough?"

"Come, I call the bluff."

The middy continued

The black cat of sin mewed.

It perched on the capstan and purred,

Its tail and its back up.

Deep murmurings crack up

The plot. The Scribe Billy demurred,

Showed his surprise.

Pussy blinked, wise.

The brig tossed its head.
The very old Ned
Through each plank and beam in the hulks
Plays havoc and tag
And nothing can gag
The Spectre. Dark mutiny skulks,
The very old Nick
Delivers his kick.
The Midshipman Phil,
His hands on the frill
Of his neck cloth, looked ugly and black.
He hissed through his teeth.
"Hush! th' Captain's beneath,
Avast! douse it, all clear the track
Mum's the word."
The cat purred.
The brig plowed its way,
Bright, lively and gay.
The Midshipman slobbers his deck broth;
He clutches his digits
And nervously fidgets
The fringe of his black satin neck cloth,
Mysterious tie.
Anon, bye and bye.
The topman, Pete Small,
Poor weakling, he'll fall,
Slack baked, somewhat foxy, but giddy.
Cromwell, the mate,
Worthless ingrate,
Soon bowed to the wiles of the middy.
Treason is chronic,
Wicked, sardonic.

The cook stole an axe
From off the port racks
And thrust it down deep in his toggling.
One young sailor laddie
Concealed in a caddy
The marlin spike. Next came a flogging.
The crew liked the show.
The cat howled, "Woe! woe!"

The middy won through,
Corrupted the crew,
Concocted the scheme, got his hunch.
Of honor bereft,
He played his cards deft,
And soon undermined the whole bunch,
That crooked vile bunch.
The black cat said, "Crunch."

The Captain felt pesky,
He sat at his desk. He
Suddenly starts as the bin creaks.
Down through the hatchway,
Like the bright patch gay,
Smirking, his private scribe in sneaks,
Mysterious mien
As ever was seen.

The scribe said, "Tot rot.
Unearthed! a hot plot
Concocted by Philip the middy,
Who says with one clip
He'll gobble this ship."
The Captain howled out, "Really, did he?"

Did he not reck?
All hands up on deck."

The bosun's pipe squeals,
The forecastle reels,
The crew soon collect, tension tightened.
They eye one another,
Suspecting each brother,
All guiltily trembling, frightened.
Anxious, perplexed.
What will come next?

The Captain spurts out:
"My men, a great doubt
Presents itself flat, quite a riddle
Which Philip can solve.
I fear 'twill involve
And fry many more on the griddle,
Wasting good rope per.
Out with the dope, sir."

The neck cloth untied,
With scrutiny eyed,
The case is as plain as your face.
The Captain yelled out
"Step lively about.
The rope! make a noose, fetch a brace.
Foxy lout,
Spit it out."

Inside the tie wound
This paper was found
(Oh, wretched man! short sighted, vain).
The name of each plotter.
No flexible blotter
Can ever erase the foul stain.
Oh, poor wretched sinners,
Confirmed gibbet winners.

How very entrancing
Three forms dangle dancing
The fox trot on nothing but air.
Such heaving of lungs
Protruding of tongues,
How charming, esthetic, so rare!
The black cat now shook
His head. Get the hook.

The mutiny over,
All hands safe in clover,
Three canvas bags lay on one plank.
The Captain said, "Go it,
Quick, hurry up, stow it."
There! splash, out of sight all three sank.
One handful of bubbles
Have ended all troubles.

All ready, boys, hip!
Stand steady, cheer ship.
With freedom we now ply the wave.

Next week we will sight
Dear Sandy Hook light
The land of the free and the brave.
All cheer Captain Mack
The brave Cracker Jack.

POOR LITTLE CLYTIE

I WANDERED through the orchard near the brook.
That's how I came to write about the hook,
The hook-worm, very fancy in its work,
Shooting ahead with many a foxy quirk.

I lingered near the brook, I stopped to rest,
Albeit I knew it not a winsome pest
Lurked very near awaiting but the time
To procreate, a sneaky, slimy crime.

Plump in the middle of the babbling brook
One small flat blackish rock protrudes, just look!
That yellow streak upon the rock so gay,
It is a hook-worm waiting for its prey.

I shook my cane and said, "My squirming friend,
Keep off my private pasture, do not rend
My heart by creeping deeply into me."
The hook-worm smiled and told this tale with glee.

The hook-worm said, "I'm on to you, Alphonse,
You are too fly for me; yes for the nonce
I'm beaten like a liquidated whale.
Just rest a bit and listen to my tale.

"I killed a girl last week, she was a peach!
Look, see that rocky hill this side the breach
That cuts in twain the precipice beyond.
That's where I killed the girl, a pretty blond.

"Perhaps you marvel at my heartless drawl,
You see a hook-worm has no heart at all.
I only kill because I have to eat,
Before I eat I nibble into feet.

"The girl, my latest victim, came this way
Last week; she tripped along so happy, gay.
She rested underneath that willow tree
That grows aslant the brook, my mystic key.

"The brooklet is my mystic key, because
Its cooling water often gently draws
Attention to the fact how nice it is
To wade knee deep. The brooklet helps my biz.

"The gentle Clytie, pretty little girl,
Took off her shoes and stockings in a whirl
Of pleasure, wading in the stream knee deep,
Laughing aloud—but let the angels weep.

"The small bare foot has got one pink bare sole,
The hook-worm's harbinger, my flowing bowl,
The place I enter when I ply my trade,
Wiggle with glee and sing my serenade.

"Close to the bank I stealthily did crawl,
Ready my pretty victim to forestall,
Ready to make my fascinating bite,
Dive in the bleeding tunnel out of sight.

"The gentle Clytie splashes in the stream,
Then slashes out to rest, oh, happy dream!
Beneath the spreading branches of the larch,
I crawl beneath the foot, I bite the arch.

"I hear a splash, and still another splash,
The gentle Clytie says, 'Dear me, how rash,
Where are my shoes? I left them on the ledge.'
And then she rushes to the water's edge.

"The footwear floats away at rapid rate.
She utters one despairing crepitate,
'My mother's shoes and stockings, heaven spare 'em,
Oh dear, oh dear, she told me not to wear 'em!'

"The naughty Clytie wrings her hands and weeps.
She don't know what to do, she has the creeps.
Far down the stream the shoes and stockings whirl,
Poor little Cly, poor little barefoot girl.

"She homeward limps along without delay.
Of course I get a joy ride all the way
Inside the tender, bleeding, throbbing sole.
The whole affair to me is rather droll.

"The mother, standing in the door, says, 'Douse
That crying, Clytie, and come in the house.'
They enter and the door is closed at once.
The mother says, 'Now for the spanking dunce.'

"Mother brings water in a cedar tub,
Bathes the small feet, then tenderly doth rub
The muddy soles, when presto! biff, bang, wink!
The little naked feet are nice and pink.

"Clytie knelt down, one fervent prayer said.
Her mother helped her to prepare for bed.
The child began to cry, 'Oh, mother, pray
Don't whip me, mother, spare me, please, to-day.'

"The mother said, 'You are so careless, dear,
I have to whip you, have to be severe.
Now lie across my knee, poor wilful Clytie,
I fear I must roll up your little nightie.'

"The child now lay across the knee face down
While Mother raises up the fluffy gown,
Arranging the white drapery with care
Leaving the naughty Clytie very bare.

"I hung my head and started off to go.
Even the hook-worm has some shame, you know.
I left my nest, one jump, I did alight
Upon a shelf from which I saw this sight.

"Clytie across her mother's knee now lay,
Face downward, in the prehistoric way,
The mother swings the shingle, see it spin,
Spanking pink blisters on the tender skin.

"Most cruel shingle blistering each nerve.
The skin begins to redden, look observe
The tender bleeding flesh. Who can but pity
The darling little lacerated Kitty.

"Poor Clytie to her mother's knee is clinging,
Screaming with pain under the cruel stinging,
The angry parent slapping with the shingle,
Spanking the naughty girlie. Oh, the tingle!

"At length the whipping ceased. A sweet voice said
'There, that will do, my child, now go to bed,
It hurts me much to lash my pretty pet;
Now kiss your mother, dear, but don't forget.'

"The child is left to cry and die alone.
Alone she meets the struggle. Hear that moan!
Her life is sobbing out. One little quiver—
Another tiny soul has crossed the river.

"I leave my hiding place. Though but a worm,
Unfit for anything but sting and squirm,
I feel a throbbing in my links, a rush
Of something to my head, I almost blush.

"Upon a cot the gentle Clytie lay;
Only her night robe covers the poor clay.
Oh, dignity of death, that marble brow!
The little naked feet are quiet now.

"One purple spot upon the pink bare sole
Tells its own story more than bell can toll.
I bow my head; I shudder, creep away.
I've done enough at least for this one day.

"The white enameled hearse moves down the road
Nearing the graveyard with its precious load.
Poor gentle Clytie, innocent sweet child,
Whipped by her mother, by a bug defiled.

"I'm built without a conscience, like a spider;
Am now on sentry duty, no backslider,
My shadow of a heart all withered soot.
I'm looking for another little foot.

"I'm king of all the hook-worms in the bog.
Forever writing entries in my log,
To-day I wrote about the pollywog
I bled to death. Her father was a frog.

"The latest entry in my book is cranked,
Relating to poor Clytie who was spanked.
I set it down, that all who wish may know
The truth about that tale of long ago.

"Oh what a doleful flight of weary years.
The mother's words are ringing in my ears,
'Dear Clytie, you have lost my Sunday shoes;
'Tis time for shingle drill, come pay your dues.'

"If I had been a man and not a bug,
In Clytie's sole I never would have dug.
I cannot drive her from my mind, oh no!
Her presence follows me where e'er I go."

PRAYER AND PETITION OF A WORM

Just see that little graveyard on the hill.
Forgive me, Clytie dear, for I am nil,
Naught but a worm, and is it all my fault?
Forgive and send a message from the vault.
Pity me, Clytie, nature made me queer;
Pity me, Clytie, spare me just one tear.

The Grecian seer is right. Some future time
May see me rise out of this hell, this grime.
Poor little Clytie, girlie dear, forgive.
The poor misguided sinner yet may live.

THE APE CHASE

OH, shall I e'er forget?
Not much. No, risk no bet
 When the ape
Broke through his iron cage,
Put the keepers in a rage,
 Made escape.

The people gurgled, ran
Away, and then began
 The mad pace.
My! 'twas great fun indeed
To see the monkey lead
 Such a chase.

The large bird in the zoo,
The famous ostrich flew.
 How it jars
The nervous people when
It claws, like some mad hen,
 At the bars.

The ape got in the street
And then away it beat.
 Thump it, sock it.
It's hiding in a thicket.
Just grab it, hustle, kick it,
 Snap a rocket.

THE APE CHASE

One keeper, Yang a lang,
The swiftest of the gang,
 Made a clinch,
Got the monkey by the nape
Of his neck, oh what a snap,
 What a cinch!

The table soon was turned.
Jehovah! I'll be durned,
 Poor, poor Rube!
The monkey bit quite through
His thumb; he got his due,
 Simple boob!

The ape was also hurt,
His jugular red did spurt.
 Let us weep.
The monkey died that night,
His grave the pigs' delight—
 The ash heap.

Oh, can we e'er forget
The fuzzy little pet,
 Ugly, quaint?
You may laugh and you may shrug,
And may think I have a bug,
 But I ain't.

THE
LOBSTER'S GIZZARD
AND OTHER POEMS

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



CUT OUT THE LOBSTER'S GIZARD

THE LOBSTER'S GIZZARD

Put on your thinking cap,
Scorn your notched ear lobe.
Go run another lap—
What a botched queer globe!

Get out your rifle, Mike,
Slide in a cartridge,
Go to the Devil's Dike,
Bring down a partridge.

Sweep off the Persian rugs,
Shake out the buggy bugs,
Buy up the bunch of jugs,
Pull out their wooden plugs.

Slip down from Salway Frith,
Come into Galway with
Me. Climb the Hill of Tara
Where the great Mike O'Hara
During a frightful blizzard
Cut out the lobster's gizzard,
(Or tried to do it.)
How he did rue it!

Michael, be steadfast, sure,
Don't wear a mask,
Do take the Keely cure,
Stick to your task.

Think of that mighty Wizard
Don't mind your trouble,
Think of the lobster's gizzard,
Blow out your bubble.

Michael was thinking hard
Deep in the thicket,
Kinking the slinking card
Close to the wicket.

Suddenly—listen—hist,
What makes that clinking?
Why does he clinch his fist,
What means this blinking?
Everything leading to
Oh, such a dreadful stress,
Something all pleading, new,
Fresh to my rim rams, yes.

Enter the lizard.
Now comes the Wizard,
Now for the wonderful
Seer. He appears
Spouting his thunderful
Voice at Mike's ears,

Saying, "Great Michael
Don't be a Flunky
Compass the cycle
All hunky dunky.

Never expect good luck
'Til from the core you pluck
One bleeding gizzard pop
Forth from the lobster's crop.

Hurriedly hobble it.
Rapidly gobble it.
Always remember me,
Get out your sling.
Study the apple tree
Late in the spring,
When plunk upon the trunk
You see your lizard,
Look sharp, there is your hunk,
Ominous gizzard!
Up in the apple tree
There waits your lobster.
Farewell and think of me
Don't fail your Slobster."

Thus spoke the thunderful
Voice from the cycle,
Oh, what a wonderful
Fortune, dear Michael.

Oh, what a fearful creak
Let the Earth shock.
Sneak off, thou Wizard, sneak
Into thy rock.

Michael is left alone
Scratching his chin all soup.
Rubbing his funny bone,
Don't be a Nincompoop.

Mike, yank some other prize,
Heed not the Wizard.
Take my advice, be wise,
Avoid the lizard.

Quick! run another mile
Out of the wreck,
Come in and have a smile,
Do wash your neck,
Anything, anything,
Only be cheerful,
Don't hail the Ding Ding
Wagon so fearful.

Mike rubs his funny bone,
Prowling about alone,
Searching from tree to tree.
Now comes the blizzard.
Michael all eager, he
Looks for the gizzard.

Michael, the great O'Hara,
Climbs up the Hill of Tara,

Where the Harp famous once
Twang. Now this foolish dunce,
Trusting the wicked Wizard,
Looks for the lobster's gizzard.

Wind, snow and blinding hail
Pour down the mountain dale.
Oh, what a dreadful gale
Slaps Michael with its flail.

Weak kippered Jackass,
Looking for boodle,
This withered slack ass,
Noodle and poodle
Falls in the trap,
Hell's own flip flap.
Death chops the door
Sneaking all hidden.
Hell shows its claw
Grim and forbidden.

What means this thud
Sickening, harsh?
Mike in the mud
Deep in the marsh,
Troubled with cramps
Sinks to his lamps.

Poor Mike
Can't hike.
He sputters and chokes,
He curses the hoax.

Forgetting the lizard
He curses the Wizard.

Oh, vile phantom gizzard!
Fierce raging the blizzard
Stirs up the thick mud
Around with a thud.

Mike over his head
On nothing doth tread.
The Devil, his keeper,
Now pokes him down deeper
In filthy black mush
His mouth full of slush.

Mike, covered entire,
Is deep in the mire.
And still the life lingers.
The struggling fingers
Rise out of the slush.
But now look—hush, hush!

Mike sputters for breath
And now—welcome Death!
The fingers stop wiggling,
No desperate wriggling.
Now—now beyond doubt
The Fiend has won out.

The King of the blizzard
Triumphant—the Wizard

Now laughs at the lizard.
That fake lobster's gizzard
Comes in for its joke.
Oh, why did Mike choke.
Oh, why did he croak.
Unfortunate Bloke!
Oh, why did he croak
Poor Bloke, oh Poor Bloke!

WHERE IS THE JAIL?

THE maiden lies upon the couch wrapped in a troubled
sleep.

The day is drawing to a close, the shadows darkly
creep

In wavy weird fantastic form. May her good Angel
keep

Evil away, come let us pray with fervency most deep.

Gentle Elvina, breathing hard, began to whisper low,
Clasping both hands about her head she shook it to
and fro,

Sobbing aloud these broken words, "Please, Judge, do
let him go.

"Heaven I do beseech thee, please, I ask on bended
knee,

Grant me this request, dear Lord, and send him back
to me,

I'll penance say both night and day, but only set him
free."

Soon from the casement came a shout up from the
busy street,

The fresh young boyish voice arose above the falling
sleet.

"Last edition, buy my paper, all the news complete."

The little girl despairing gasps. She learns the truth
full soon.

Found guilty on the second count, the Jury out since
noon.

Gentle Elvina gave one scream, then sank into a
swoon.

Unconsciousness, most charitably kind, however brief,
Comes to an end. She wakes, she moans, all overcome
with grief.

Kind friends now try to help the girl but cannot bring
relief.

For many days all in one maze the brain intense quite
dense,

Whirls in and out all round about reaching one con-
sequence.

The pendulum swings forth red wroth all on the anx-
ious fence.

What shall we do, poor girl so true, where sails your
brain, ah whence?

Gentle Elvina keeps her bed. The same heartbroken
wail

Day after day, "Tell me, do, pray, where, oh, where is
the jail,

Where have they put my lover, tell me, is he out on
bail?

See, I am strong enough to walk, oh, take me to the
jail."

The girl now wanders on the street, stumbles through
wind and hail.

Sobbing aloud the same heartbroken, useless, fruitless
wail,

"Kind friends, oh tell—I seek his cell, oh where,
where is the jail."

Day after day, month after month, she walks along
the street,

Oh dire inquire with brain all fire, with weary aching
feet—

The same old wail, "where is the jail, oh, shall we
never meet!"

At last she learns the awful truth. Her lover pined
away.

Despairing in his lonely cell, wearing out. There he
lay,

Calling on her he loved to come and cast one last
bright ray

Upon his soul ere muffled roll call to the judgment
day.

They buried him in the jail yard, along with a bunch
of yeggs,

Departed chums of the lock step, society's lowest
dregs,

In a pit of lime, one puddle of grime, like ill-condi-
tioned eggs.

See that crowd on the corner, what are they looking
at?

Only a bundle of rags, two hands, one face, that's all,
just that.

To give this picture a classic name, we'll call it "After
the bat."

They buried her in a pauper's grave, she has no friends
to claim—

All disclaim the poor little girl. Nobody knows her
name.

And so they call her "Number Six," the very last in
the game.

Now come with me and we shall see, together we will
glance,

Into the world beyond. Unfurled, my soul it doth
enhance

Ten thousand fold what I behold. I see as in a trance.

The little girl is happy now, most joyful mystery.

The lovers are together and forever they shall be

United, no more trouble, no parting, ever free.

Love and be loved is theirs, oh blessed bright decree,

Comforting two broken hearts, uniting he and she.

Songs of praise forevermore throughout eternity.

WATER ON THE BRAIN

SLOBBY PETER—what an eater!
See him wobble on the cobble.
Teeter teeter, see him gobble
Fried potatoes in his coffee,
Mix it, stir it up all frothy.
Yes, his case is very plain,
He has water on the brain.

What an awful thing it is,
That an intellect all fizz
Should meander in a maze.
Such a parting of the ways!
Peter's ways—so very plain.
He has water on the brain.

Nature now is steeped in bile. The
Rocks of ages tremble while the
Donkey and its Donkling brays.
Little Bessie broke her stays
Frightening the Jenny wren.
Hear the cackle of the Hen,
Sister of the Rooster. Rays
From the solar magnet flays
Burning red forth from the sky.
Let us drink some rock and rye.
Even the poor Turkey gobbler,
Beaten by the Devil's cobbler
Totters, then puts on its brakes
Hissing like a brace of snakes.

See all nature upside down
From its heels e'en to the crown.
Insect, quadruped and biped
Quite perplexed—some wicked Spy said,
—But no matter what that Guy said.
'Tis one fabricated lie, said
To divert us from that plain
Ailment—water on the brain.

See the Booby rub his glasses,
As he pours the thick molasses
On the slice of sirloin steak.
What a wrinkle, what a fake!
Will his intellect awake?
That's all right, his mind opaque,
Feels its way through paths dark, devious,
—Same old trouble written previous.
Doctor's treatment all in vain!
He has water on the brain.

Silly Tilly has a pain.
In her cranium no grain—
Common sense departed—zip!
See that glass of sherry flip,
Relic of those evil deeds,
All her belfry full of weeds
Sticking out in nasty shape,
But too late, they can't escape.

Tilly has an ugly mug,
Down her face one claw she dug.
Sherry flip and whisky plain
Gave her water on the brain.

Ikie Ikeson runs a Hock
Shop where needy people flock,
Where the handsome well-clad thug
Gliding in so nice and smug,
There presents the small gold watch.
Goodness Heaven! what a botch,
What a bungle nature gave
To the World. This sneaking knave
Hurries to Saint Martin's Lane,
Pawns his sister's watch and chain.
Yes, the symptoms all are plain.
He has water on the brain.

When the Ding Ding wagon drives
Through the gate, as it arrives,
See those eyes as bright as stars
Flashing through the iron bars
Looking for the buggy bus
Ever ringing, what a fuss!
Fresh fish, more bugs, dandy haul!
Mary welcomes one and all.
She—poor Trusty, tends the door,
Washes dishes, scrubs the floor,
Churns the butter in the buttery
Of the captivating Nuttery,

Does all work about the dairy
And her name is crazy Mary.
Everything against her grain
She has water on the brain.

Now we have another hero.
All gray matter is at zero.
James, the Watchman, has the crai
Yes—he is a listless swain.
There—he overturns the lamp.
He has water on the brain.
See him choke, the careless Bloke.
What a bursting, what a smoke.

Angry flames soon claim their own.
Hear the crackle, hear the groan
Rising from each buggy lung,
While the fire, rung on rung
Rises to the topmost floor.
See each Inmate scratch and claw
On his comrade's jaw. Howl, howl!
Curses, imprecations foul
Mingle with that dreadful smell—
Roasting flesh. Oh, what a yell.
Hear that yell—now softer, quiet—
Hear the echo answer "fry it,
Get the hose, quick, quick—now ply it."
But that other water—dry it,
Squeeze it, ease it from all pain.
Dry the water on the brain.

See, the Bug House is a ruin,
All its Inmates now are due in
Paradise, or else 'tis—where?
Climbing down the sooty stair
To that pool of racking pain,
Boiling water on the brain.

See the carcasses all charred,
Filling up the Bug House yard,
Twisted into many shapes
Like huge worms, those made like tapes
Of all sizes, big and little,
Crisp and brown, both soft and brittle,
But quite free from Earthly pain.
No more water on the brain.

THE WOMAN WITHOUT ANY EARS

THE Empress of beauty don't slice
Her ears like some tiny bull pup,
She hides them away—so precise.
She carefully covers them up:
Then orders the sparkling cup
For a sup.

The brindle cow chews at the cud;
She has two long beautiful ears.
The piggie pig revels in mud—
All ears. No deformity queers
The heifer and little brown steers:
They have ears.

Last week as I rode in the trolley,
I could not control the hot tears.
I sighted that Dolly so jolly,
The woman without any ears.
Oh what has become of her ears
All these years?

She parted her hair in the middle,
Then looped it in two drooping gears,
Arranged it down low—quite aquiddle,
Brave woman without any fears:
The woman who hides both her ears
Many years.

Oh, why should there be such a custom,
Why steer your ear under the waves?
You might as well dive in and bust 'em
As bow to all novelty craves.
Don't swallow the twaddle it craves
Digging graves.

You meet them wherever you wander.
Oh my—see that freak that appears
At th' head of the stairs over yonder,
The creature with rickety gears.
The woman without any ears,
Now appears.

She thinks she is quite a neat model.
She blinks, then turns white as she hears
Sweet prattle—The babe that can't toddle
Lisps, "Mother mine, where are her ears,
That woman without any ears.
Oh, these tears!"

We call her the woman without any
Ears. She sheds oceans of tears.
The starter of fashion sinned when he
Decreed that all girls hide their ears.
Yes, girls, hurry up, hide your ears,
Quick, my dears.

The first in the dandy caboodle
The woman without any ears.
Yes, sure—a neat model—no noodle.
Her hearing the hairy rat queers,
As into the market she steers
Without fears.

The lady that flops down her rats
Is far from a donkey—no noddle
She certainly laces her slats.
They call her the high-stepping coddle.
Yes, really an extra neat model,
All toddle.

My dear, hide your ear, it's a duty.
Just set up your smiles and your wiers,
Pure type of American beauty
(One charming neat model, my dears).
The woman without any ears
Rightly steers.

Don't sag—follow suit with each wrinkle.
Trot up and don't fall in arrears.
Take after the stars—ever twinkle
Fair Lady, quite lacking all fears
The woman without any ears.
Now three cheers!

THE ELM OF NAX *

"THE Bottomless pit
Yawns ever forever.
The blasphemous wit
Of th' Blacksmith can never
Extract from the pit
The damned lost forever."

I entered the valley,
Felt nil, truly ill.
('Twas no time to dally.)
I tried hard to still
My heart. I choked—bally!
I swallowed the pill.

Look, see the sharp ax
Swing out as it cracks
The Elm called Nax.

The Angel of light
Glided through the dark chasm,
Then wended its flight
To th' cave choked with wasium.
The twilight though slight,
Brought on a fierce spasm.
The bright Angel feels

A sort of a flickety
Shock through the heels.
Wheels scrape a clickety
Knock. See the keels
Decidedly rickety.

The bright Angel cracks
To slivers the branch
Of th' Elm called Nacks.
'Tis on my own ranch.
My classic lip smacks
Saying, "Dicky, be stanch."

"Dear Angel, oh pray,
Please tell me, oh do,
The Pilgrim dead, say—
The souls of those few
Friends dead—oh allay
My sad fears, some clue.
What are they doing?
Hear that cat mewing,
Sprite of the air,
How do they fare?"

The Angel spoke brightly,
Extending one wing
Which drew his robe tightly.
Commencing to sing,
He yodels quite sprightly
And flings out his sling,
Then grabs my ear lightly,
Oh, oh, what a sting!

THE ELM OF NAX

My hearing not queering,
I turn very pale.
Though all of my gearing
In order, I quail.
My weedy brain clearing,
I hear a sad tale.

(THE REVELATION)

"The Clergyman, base,
Alas he doth dwell
In a very hot place,
No salubrious dell.
Black sin doth deface
The region called Hell."

Again the sharp ax
Swings out as it cracks
The Elm of Nax.

"The Clergyman's wife,
With eyes meekly down,
(No trouble, no strife),
Receives the white gown,
Pure water of life,
Immortal bright crown.

"Now what shall we say,
That Pilgrim thought holy—
Oh dread judgment day!
Apparently lowly,
Now deep in hot clay,
That place most unholy.

"The boss Hobo he,
Dense Jackass, lame soul;
After many a spree
Now steeps in the bowl,
Accepts the decree
And pays the last toll
By shoveling coal.

"Poor Stranger, befuddled,
Not fit to be seen
Dumfounded, quite muddled,
Wrapped up in a sheen
Of fire all cuddled
In Fiddler's green."

Again the sharp ax
Swings out as it cracks
The Elm of Nax.

"The black oven door—
Just open it—well,
One girl, nothing more
In th' fiery cell.
She screams evermore.
Poor girlie in Hell.

"The girlie, proud boasting,
Once walked through the street
To sin. What a toasting!
Fierce punishment meet.
The fire is roasting
The soles of her feet.

THE ELM OF NAX

"Poor little Chippy,
Barefoot and dippy,
 Begging for stockings,
 While fiendish mockings

Are shockings, that yell!
Poor girlie in Hell,
 'Midst fiendish mockings,
 Begging for stockings.

"We cannot defend her,
 Oh judgment most dire!
No, nothing can render
 Relief from the briar,
The soles of her tender
 Bare feet all on fire.
Hot flaming blister,
 Such fearful mockings!
Frail little Sister
 Begging for stockings."

The Elm is twisted,
The Fiend is enlisted
'Gainst Heaven collided,
And all is decided.
All business is lax
No more the ax cracks
The Elm of Nax.
The Angel chews tacks.

Black Hell Reaper quiver
Keep twisting and turning,
While broiling yet shiver,
All sizzling, churning.
Th' flowing hot river
Both freezing and burning
Anarchy hurling
Th' torch, see it curling.
Burning, no respite, no never,
Burning forever and ever.

The Angel of light
Now swallows the tacks,
Quite eager for flight.
He gathers the flax
All glistening bright
And rubs it with wax,
In the shade of the Nax,
On the banks of the Sax
Fair river, Pax, Pax!

The cute foxy Sprite,
Now wove the flax tight
In shape of a boat.
He sails through the night,
Away he doth float
By th' silvery light
Of th' moon. See him gloat,
Caressing his ax,
Saying, "Pax, brother, Pax."

The sprite sings a song
In praise of the ax.
The boat skips along,
That boat made of flax,
Far out on the sea
Where the sun ever beams,
To th' island so free
The Bun Land of Dreams.

The Arch Angel, he
Fair neat model cod
Far out in the sea
Now carries the hod
Of platinum bright,
In fair land of Nod.

Most wonderful tree
Of Nacks, bend the knee
And worship the ax,
"Oh Pax, brother, Pax."

* This famous tree is spelled either Nax or Nacks. I use both ways.—The Author.

NOTIONAL NIMROD

NOTIONAL NIMROD is steering
On through the current of trouble.
See how the Demon is leering,
Casting the spell on his double.
Holding his grip on the bubble.

Nimrod could never help stealing,
Everything good within sight.
E'en while approaching that speeling,
Encroaching, unfeeling, dread sprite,
Who governs the darkening night.

Nimrod was once a pickpocket,
Up in fair Ossining's book.
When near a till he would knock it,
Slip out the money, sly Hook.
Really—one fine, clever Crook.

Nimrod felt sure of his salary,
Treating the bunch at the bar.
First in the famous Rogues' gallery,
Who cares? He drives his own car.

Notional Nimrod is drunk,
Nimrod is caught in the bracket.
Fate says, "Oh, nixie all junk!
Here is your jacket, quick pack it.
Put on the style, clip the racket."

Notional Nimrod once speared
Some hen, she'd a voice like a rooster,
Cut off her head, now 'tis feared
The bird cannot crow as she uster.
It really is useless to boost her.

Notional Nimrod—his days
Hurry along to a close.
Oh dread accounting—his stays
Bursting—we pass—squirt the hose.
Wash up and squash up his nose.

Oh for one nice honest sinner
Carrying squarely the load,
Gallant Bank breaker, some winner,
One dandy Knight of the Road
Ready to jump the high hurdle
Up into fame. Crack the girdle.

Nimrod the foxy eel stealer,
Dealer in bum willow ware
Nimrod the coward and squealer,
Guy who would not take a dare,

Making his cocoanut flare
Bouncing about in the air,
Handful of hair he doth tear,
Shaking the bright golden stair.

Nimrod the man with a dirk
Bellows and kicks like a mare,
Nimrod all quirk with a smirk,
Gives up his soul to despair,
Climbs down the stair, crazy loon,
Dancing the Devil's own tune.

Nimrod the man with a notion,
Got down the bottle of pulp,
Shaking up well the vile potion,
Drinking it down with one gulp.

Soon the great Nimrod felt groggy—
Leaping about on one knee—
See the big mind fluster foggy,
All the gray matter at sea.

Nimrod is reeling all cloggy,
Crazy as crazy can be.
Soon his friends bring eggie noggie,
Making one last final plea,
Trying to turn back his fate,
Useless! Alas 'tis too late.

All the egg nog in the punch bowl
Can't oil the poor Buffer slick.
All the rare munch in the crunch roll
Never can make Nimrod kick
Changing the dead to the quick.

My! what a pretty gazelle
Leaping about in the churchyard.
Wandering Demons now spell
Dismal award in the birch guard.

There underneath the gray tombstone,
Just about three feet or so,
Nimrod is safe in the Doom Zone,
Fighting the man with a hoe.

Poor little Notional Nimrod
Withering crisp like old leather
Half starving, carving green slim rod,
Crushed shaky weed in bad weather.

Down in the caves of the ocean
Bones of the dead spread about.
Hear that harsh frightful commotion,
While Father Neptune doth shout,
Ordering mermaids to dance,
Nixie two legs can they prance?
They never heard of poor Nimrod
Safe in his own narrow trim pod.

EPITAPH

Oh! Fairy soap, oh! Fairy soap,
You cannot hope the least to cope
With sin, or polish off the stain
Nor bring relief to any pain.

Under the sod
Notional Rod
Nimrod poor clod
In his green pod—
Say—does he fry?
I don't know, why,
Do You?

THE PINK TEA

THEY held a pink tea at the Rink.
The Gink had a kink in his blink.
He took a pink drink—hear the clink
Of his glass. As he gulps see him wink.
Hank pays for the drink. Hear the chink
Of the tin in his purse. See the link—
Pink link as it squelches the Gink,
And pushes him over the brink.
The grasshopper foolishly hops,
And lands in the bucket of slops.

'Tis better by far to be frank.
Tea drinking we all know is rank.
The Devil himself keeps the bank.
Just listen—that horrible clank
Of the chain on the leg of the Crank.
Poor Hank so lank turns on his plank
In the cell, 'tis his bed—down he sank,
His teeth gnashing, weeping—poor Hank.

Oh! look at that bright yellow spider,
The lady bug tries hard to ride her.
They both spin around like mad tops,
Then fall in the bucket of slops.

Dear Hank, please agree drinking tea
Is worse than tobacco for thee.

Poor Hank, how he slank—all we see
Are cobwebs high up in his tree.
Too much drinking tea. The decree,
You see—Foolish Hank—bugs! Oh gee!
The Bug House, my dear friend, keep shy
of.

Be certain you don't make a guy of
Yourself. Too much tea makes a sty of
Poor Ginks like old Hank. There's no why
of

Nor wherefore. Alas! too much pink
Tea landed poor Hank like a mink
In the buggy clap trap, with one slap.
Poor Hank, foolish Crank, Oh poor Yap.

The tube—how the mercury drops
To zero. The lady bug flops,
The spider kicks once and then pops
Down deep in the bucket of slops.

The Pink Tea continues to rob
All boobs who are on to the job.
Avoid all pink tea, be a slob
If you like, but don't howl—never sob
Over what can't be helped, don't be loose.
No—don't be one Jack scrambled goose,
Or worse, an ambiguous flounder.
Be one dandy all about Rounder.

The spider despairingly hops.
The lady bug languidly mops.
Deserted, without any props,
Both die in the bucket of slops.

THE PINK TEA

Next week there will be a fandango,
And after the spree one plain tango.
We'll finish with one Foxy Fox,
And then we'll adjourn to the rocks,
The cliff that o'erhangs the dark river.
With neither a shake nor cold shiver,
We'll top off the vixenish revel.
Oh yes, we will jump to the Devil.
And after the spree, surely we,
Will never more call for pink tea.

The spider and lady bug soak
To death. When at last they awoke
They never drank any pink tea
In bugs' Paradise, we'll agree.
Such stuff don't pan out with their chops
Down deep in the bucket of slops.
Yes, in the bugs' Heaven, now we
Feel certain they never drink tea.

THE ROUND-SHOULDERED LICKER

IN Wilmington City there lives an official
His art is all thumps, on the touch.
He fondles with leather. His hinder initial,
The third in the alphabet. Such
A wonderful Licker,
Round-shouldered Big Sticker,
Nix bicker, no kicker, not much.

Lively Andrew
Once a plan drew,
Of a bank around the corner.
Someone blabbed,
He was nabbed.
I am sure he feels forlorn
Than two superannuated
Pair of candlesticks, ill mated.
What can he do?
'Trouble doth brew
Fast for you,
But don't stew.

He's now introduced to,
Is properly noosed to,
Th' jost, that dark post called black Susan.
Andrew, don't fret
Cancel your debt,
Howl away, squirm, pay your dues an

Ah! thank the Spanker all zeal.
 Th' round shouldered Spanker whose peel
 Is swinging the strap,
 And making it slap,
 Blistering Slobs while they squeal.

Moonlight Charlie
 Stole some barley;
 Hear the voice say, "Beat it, beat it,
 Do it properly, complete it."
 Thus spoke Peter Patsy Farley,
 But too late, the Copper socked him,
 Nabbed him, ran him in and locked him
 In the Work House near the trolley,
 Turned him over to the jolly
 Warden, such a merry Switcher.
 Every lashing makes him richer.
 Ten gold dollars he did net;
 Ten sharp slaps did Charlie get.

His conscience only once
 Troubled this Spanking Dunce.
 At the meeting of the board,
 Some one read an ancient clipping.
 It has struck some tender cord.
 How it drives the Warden skipping
 From the room completely awed,
 Thinking of that painful whipping,

When he lashed poor little Mabel.
 Read the clipping. News by cable.
 It is rather painful reading,
 Full of much unwritten pleading.
 See the little girl all bleeding.

Little Mabel broke some chalk,
 We have read of that before.
 See the Warden tremble, balk,
 See the quiver of his jaw.
 Sneak, poor Warden, sneak, reflect,
 See him shiver, skip out early.
 He don't like to recollect
 How he whipped the little girlie,
 Forcing the poor gentle pet
 To take off her chemisette,
 Leaving her fair,
 Lily white, bare.

The soft spoken Licker
 With iron-gray hair,
 Is never a kicker.
 They always declare,
 The Round-Shouldered Slapper
 Would rather whip Guys
 Than plug the strap clapper
 And eat cherry pies.
 Like slippery elm
 He stands at the helm.

The Spanker is dapper,
 Quite neat in attire.
 His trade is a Sapper
 That quenches all fire

Effect. Yet this Licker
 Is never a kicker.
 One regular Clicker,
 He never would dicker

With minor objections.
 No smooth genuflections,
 None such.

This gentle nose picker
 Is never a tricker,
 No, never would bicker
 Not much!

This legalized Switcher
 Heaping up cash,
 Gets richer and richer
 Swinging the lash.

The pride of the Work House,
 This regular skunk louse,
 Will soon need a crutch
 To hold up his figger,
 While spanking some nigger.
 You can't beat the Dutch,
 As such, no not much.

The Round-Shouldered Flogger
 Is never a clogger.
 He still plies his trade.
 No shovel or spade
 Swings out with more zeal—
 That strap. Oh that squeal,
 While peal after peal—

The chime in the tower
Announces the Licker
Is working—one sticker—
No flicker nor cower,

No nothing can sever
This man from his whip.
Forever and ever

The Guy gets the clip.
The Round-Shouldered Sticker
Quite happy don't bicker.

No crutch
Props th' licker, no kicker,
Not much.

GUY BARNABAS BONE

I LIVE near the Stygian river,
Way down in the tropical zone.
My name is Guy Barnabas Bone.
My principal meal frizzled liver.
Come close to the fire, don't shiver.

And while we are here quite alone
I'll tell you the tale of the Shepherd
Poor man, foolish donkey, he jeopard—
—ized life by the seed he had sown,
The bite of the vinegerone.

Last Friday I heard a queer cry,
And then such a pitiful moan.
My stars, 'twas a vinegerone!
Most fatal, unfortunate guy!
No hope, he would certainly die.

I made one dash over the grime,
Ran hurriedly through the damp briar.
The light from the blazing camp fire
Revealing the sad yet sublime
Bite that was full of Bug slime.

The vinegerone stung the cracker
Alphonse, while he lay fast asleep
Near th' sheep, oh you luckless Bo Peep.
His heel smashed his little attacker,
And then he grew blacker and blacker.

One struggle. Alphonse doth atone
His fault. That implacable stanch man
The brawny inflexible Ranch man
Now said, "Dig a grave, don't postpone
The work of the vinegerone."

I dug up the earth all alone.
We buried Alphonse that same evening.
The Ranchman meanwhile made believe ring
The funeral bell; Heart of stone!
He's worse than the vinegerone.

High up on his own little throne
The vinegerone is a corker,
Attends to his duties, no balker.
Great Queen of the tropical zone,
The wonderful vinegerone.

My card please. "Guy Barnabas Bone."
I live near the Stygian river,
My principal food, gophers' liver.
I'll sell you a vinegerone
(My business), I stand all alone.

My name is Guy Barnabas Bone.
I've built on my alkali cone
One nice little business, by golly!
I live by the bugs, oh how jolly!
High prices? You bet. All alone,
Like Cæsar, I wear laurel holly;
Unique in this tropical zone.

My name is Guy Barnabas Bone.

I live by my wit, I'm all luck.

Don't fight me, it's useless to buck
Against me, my lucky birth stone
Is th' eye of a vinegerone.

I fodder with beautiful huck—

—leberries my lop-sided duck.

Come visit my alkali cone,

And ask for Guy Barnabas Bone.

I'll sell you a vinegerone.

THE CORNER OF MY THUMB

THE multitude is shouting, Oh hear the fife and drum.
I lie upon the bed of pain, I feel so very bum
I cannot move an inch. Oh dear, I know I shall succumb.

The uric acid gathers in the corner of my thumb.
The awful night is passing, my thumb is on the bum.
The little robin singing, while looking for a crumb,
Doth gladden my poor rim rams, my heart is overcome.

The ministering Angel bringeth a glass of rum.
That Angel of the hospital, the kind and gentle nurse,
Now slips one hand beneath the pillow, softly grabs my purse,
Then quietly she slips away, more favors to disburse
Among the sick and dying—how horribly perverse!
I cannot budge, I cannot move one inch, that glass of rum

Has paralyzed all faculties, I feel as if a drum
Was beating in my brain. I cannot speak, I'm dumb.
The uric acid gathers in the corner of my thumb.

That woman with the cancer in the gullet, hear her stammer.

The gentle nurse, ungentle now, raises the staff to slam her.

Why don't they end the case at once and hit her with a hammer.

I do not know what I am writing in this garbled rare
Selection. Oh! the pain it doth my heated brain en-
snare

Causing contradictions. All qualities forswear
Allegiance, now leaving me sick as a spavined bear.

My stomach now doth bulge, one crumb, oh! for one
single crumb—

That may excite my appetite, oh! what a buzzing hum!
The Doctor made me take quinine, one ear is almost
dumb,

The uric acid gathers in the corner of my thumb.

The acid poisonous now crawls insidious beneath
The gum and circles round, and forms one nasty little
wreath,

And worse, that sting, that horrid thing, the tartar on
the teeth.

That fellow in the corner bed was lately amputated,
He lost his leg, but does not care, he truly is elated.
The artificial limb is bright. He is so antiquated
He thinks the leg is made of gold, we see it's only
plated.

But let the fellow smile away, we all know he is fated,
Yes, slated in a day or so to take a journey crated.

Of all the pains on our earth, rheumatic pains are bum,
Leave acid fruit alone, my friend, never indulge in
rum.

I know what I am writing of, my left ear still is dumb.
The uric acid gathers in the corner of my thumb.

THE LATTER DAY SAINT

TRUE follower of the great Prophet
Without any blemish or taint,
Quite orthodox, pious, "Great Tophet!"
Yes, I am a Latter Day Saint.

My mansion is all full of chickens,
I love every one of my wives;
Of late they have eaten queer pickin's.
They scratch—see them scratch, each one
strives
To outscratch the bunch, they have hives.

The first girl I married, sweet Lulu,
Oh my! such a dumpling, one corker,
High-stepper, stuck up like a Zulu,
But also a nice little porker.

Fat Lulu, obedient worker,
Affectionate, eager to learn,
Neat housewife, was never a shirker,
She fried the lamb chops to a turn,
And never let anything burn
'Til one day, by chance, I did learn
The dead rat was found in the churn.

Yes, after awhile Lulu strangled
My love, she became one stale plodder.
Her cooking, now rank, she entangled
My tonsils with very queer fodder.
My poor aching heart bled in sodder.

f. 10

While resting one day in the gutter,
I suddenly felt my pulse quicken,
That rustle, my heart gave a flutter,
I thought it must be a stray chicken.

'Twas certainly something with feathers,
Some bird, chicken, angel or drake,
Accustomed to all kinds of weathers,
All flutters without any brake.

I rubbered my neck looking over
My shoulder. I thought I'd observe
Some species of partridge or plover,
And there stood a Cherub all curve,
Quite cheeky and all full of nerve.

The Cherub with one graceful swish
Of feathery wing, drew a knife
And said, "Oh you tame 'flying fish,'
It's time that you take one more wife.
See this knife? On your life time is rife."

The Cherub continued, "Oh, Elder!
The Lord says again you must marry.
The Lord sticks the dart, has compelled her
To give you her heart, I mean Carrie.
So hurry up, Elder, don't parry,
Wed Carrie at once, never tarry."

Oh rapture, oh foretaste of Heaven!
The Cherub now danced me a jig,
Two steps to the left and then seven
Around to the right like a big
Hop Turvy Drop Tumble—the sprig!

The Cherub repeated, "Wed Carrie,
The law has decided you must.
Two wives must you feed, quickly marry
Young Carrie, or else you will bust.
Your soul will belong to Old Harry,
You never will be upper crust.
Hop up, marry Carrie, don't tarry;
Or go to the Devil and rust.
Two wives (for the present) no trust.

"Thy duty, dear Mormon—no taint
Should jar thee, nor mar my decision.
Be careful, thou Latter Day Saint,
'Tis time to obscure the sweet vision
This Elf, yes myself must skedaddle.
Pray don't think my words are all twaddle;
Farewell, dearest Elder, farewell,
Be careful and don't go to Hell."

The cherub now vanished through space
While I feeling ticklish queer,
Made off at a rattling pace.
I soon drank a gallon of beer,
Delighting my heart with its cheer.

I'll never forget the tongue lashing
I got when I told my first spouse
To get things in order, that dashing,
Fair Carrie as meek as a mouse,
Would soon be the head of my house.

Fat Lulu said, "Drat the fair Carrie,
The mink, wait, I'll give her the rap.
What! Carrie, that she wolf—you marry?
I'll scratch Carrie quite off the map."

Oh Hooky! poor wife, one struggle—
Dear Lulu lay over my lap—
Another slight kick—soon I juggle
The drapery off—now rap, rap,
I paddle her well with a strap.

Soon after the spanking her eyes
Were gentle, she gave me no sass.
It all was a grateful surprise,
And now one strange thing came to pass.
She kissed me. I gave her a prize,
Two earrings of gold (made of brass).

She knelt, wept aloud, oh such cries!

She said she'd be good (poor jackass)!
I petted her, made her arise.

She thanked me, another first class
Kiss, there where the beer clings, Alas!
So much for those earrings all brass.

The cure, though severe, did its work,
It sobered her up, smoothing lumps,
And then we three went to the Kirk,
Myself, Lulu, Carrie—all grumps.
All fits of the dumps took to slumps,
And when I got home I cut trumps
And paddled them over their rumps.
They thought me a weakling, I ain't;
But just one plain Latter Day Saint.

I let Carrie know I was boss,
I put her at once in her place.
I made Carrie work like a horse.
I found her a very hard case.
She wanted to wear velvet coats,
Expecting her three meals per day.
You can't feed your women on oats,
Because if you do they will bray
And baulk like a sow, all decay.

All this happened long, long ago.
Fat Lulu the corker survives,
Elastic with health, plastic dough.
I'll read you a list of my wives.

There's Bridget, the Irish canary.
Lame Susie I'm always selecting
To kick (our old Mother Cary)
With such a big flock. I'm erecting
The Whipping Post. Let the unwary
Beware! There will be much correcting.
Oh, thou erring wifie will nary
Escape. I spank each naughty fairy.

There's pretty Matilda, all dimples,
And Emma, the bird from Rhinebeck,
And gentle Rosanna, all pimples,
And Bess with the boil on her neck.

There's Ethelred, coaxing and catching,
So artless—the cute little witch,
And Jessica all the time scratching
She seems to be troubled with itch.

Belinda, Lucinda and Molly
Are each a fine peach in their way,
Cordelia, Ophelia and Polly
The same, while Irene is a jay
Who often must pay for some folly,
Shut up in a closet all day.

And as for my numerous offspring—
Oh give me a rest, fly a kite,
Send out the alarm, ting it off, ring,
I don't know my children by sight.
Say, give me a drink. Blow it off, sing
All praise to the Latter Day Sprite!

My castle is curious, quaint
My kingdom as strong as a rock,
They call me a beast, but I ain't,
I simply look after my flock.
I'm only a plum without paint;
My wives have to work by the clock.
Oh, I am a Latter Day Saint,
The pride of the Shrine, I don't crock.

Greeting, greeting,
Hear that knocking;
Come to meeting,
Nothing crocking.
Amen.

RETROSPECT

THE wandering Demons assemble,
Each gink has a kink in his snoot.
Each Imp is a bute on a toot.
Terrestrials whiff, sniff and tremble.
The maiden that can't find the prison
Is now in a terrible fix.
We'll call it a seven or six.
One question of note has arisen—
That bell, oh that horrible knell!
The blistering maiden in Hell,
She walks on the burning hot tiling.
The heat in the cavern is fierce,
The Demon pursues, carte and tierce.
The girl flung her fling—oh defiling!
Oh poor little girlie, poor thing!
Poor birdie, poor, poor broken wing.
The Fiend is vindictively surly,
He stabs with a sharp burning knife.
She walked into sin all her life.
Oh pity the blistering girlie!
Poor girlie!

We can't speak too highly of Riley,
Nor notional Nimrod the peach.
Mike certainly is not a leech,
All generous—just a bit wily.
Kink winkie, he puts on the slugs.
('Tis better to live without bugs.)
The Dong Dinger quite a good fellow,
Is zealous when not on the drag,
Astride of that steep rocky crag.
Quite jaundiced and partially yellow,
He is such a wonderful wag
Especially during a jag.
Don't gag.

And now for that creature all gears,
The woman without any ears,
She's a classical problem to parse,
Is almost an optical farce.
She sometimes calls forth a few jeers.
There's a crack in her tumbledown beak
Like a flageolet minus the squeak;
Or a mandolin tuned to a fourth,
Or a fiddle bow weak in the middle;
Or an overdone cake on a griddle,
Or a bowlful of underdone broth,
All froth.

And as for my dandy old chummer
The vinegerone—oh my curves!
Alas it is hard on my nerves.
I fear I am quite a fierce bummer.

So lest you fall down in a fit
'Tis better to be a swift pruner.

Now out with it, quick or I split.
I treated the old bagpipe tuner—

One freakish farewell, yes to wit,
The very same way I'll treat you.

Dear me I am broke, get the glue
And fix me up just a wee bit.

Step lively about in a jiffy,

And then we will enter the pit.

So give me yer mit. We now quit
As soon as I sign the name, Griffy.

THE
MELANCHOLY YAK
AND OTHER POEMS

PRELUDE TO MELANCHOLY YAK

QUESTION

The Mother of the Witch of Endor
Said, "Griffy thy account now render
In a jiffy. Oh alack
Why revive the poor lost Yak?
Why repeat your stale old poem,
You can bet that we all know 'em.
 Seek some new track
 Drop the Poor Yak."

ANSWER

I resurrect the Yak because
 There's fault in verse thirteen
In my last book—Oh such flaws!
One line is quite omitted. More's
 The pity, Oh how mean!
That base Type Setter—may he burn
 In everlasting brine.
 The guy left out this line
"Bumping like butter in a churn"
 Search, study verse thirteen,
Look there's fault in line the six.
There's no butter bumping, nix.
 How criminal, how mean!
Go and have a look
In my other book.
 Take a look alack
 I revive the Yak.

THE MELANCHOLY YAK

THE punky Carpenter all grime
Just loves to sharpen tools.
He loiters, wasting half the time,
Yet keeps within his rules.
The Union says it's quite the thing
To be one sneaking thief, and wring
The lion's share, yes, all,
From we poor slobs who pay the bill.
The Carpenter has got his fill,
Enlargement of the gall.

Let Raphael his harp inter,
And Gabriel his trumpet.
To-day the punky Carpenter,
While munching at his crumpet
Says to himself, "I'll file the saw,"
Wasting an hour, but his law
With tommyrot doth twinkle.
We pay him while he steals an hour
And if we kick, Hell! ain't he sour,
This is the proper wrinkle.

THE MELANCHOLY YAK

The dapper nightingale across
The river pipes a tune.
The Zephyr turns the wooden horse,
That weather vane. 'Tis June.
The Carpenter now wipes his brow,
His tools are all in order now.
We pay while that poltroon
Sharpens away full half a day.
We are the victims, we must pay,
That shirking, mean buffoon.

The Carpenter is quite a dandy,
Gerrymander gay.
Many a time he slings the bandy,
Stuffing a County jay.
The Gerrymander higgles as
He grabs the gun. He giggles as
He leaps the garden wall,
Knowing kind fortune, with a sway
Passing the tray, chucks luck his way
Enlargement of the gall.

The Carpenter from Abbington
Decided that he'd climb
The summit of Mount Skabbington—
The height was not sublime.
He hurries on, he does not slack
His gait, he is a steeple Jack
Whose courage cannot pall.
You must not think this tale a myth.
The Carpenter is troubled with
Enlargement of the gall.

The Carpenter from Abbingdon,
All itching to entrain
And climb the hill of Skabbingdon,
Meanders down the lane.
The punky Carpenter now blew
Through ragged teeth of saffron hue,
Whistling sounds of pain.
Although the punker knew it not,
There was a grewsome counter plot
Forging his mortal chain.

Enlargement of the Gall, I fear,
Gives the Mechanic string,
Drawing him on with steadfast gear.
He listens, ah! bang, bing!
That crashing in the bushes, Oh!
That rumbling above, below.
The donkey Steeple Jack
Sees hallowed in a grove of quince
That mighty Himalaya Prince
The melancholy Yak.

The floating gosling swimming by
Squirmingly, languid, slack,
Opens his mouth, heaving a sigh
And lispeth one faint quack.
The floating gosling skims the pond
Beneath the cataract beyond
The precipice. The fox
Guardeth the yellow docks. Away
Poor little birdie, do not stay.
Keep shy of yonder rocks.

Thou rotten Carpenter all punk,
 Why shouldst thou be a jack?
Why art thou such a crawling skunk,
 O'ershadowed by the Yak?
Why dost thou have a punky brain?
Thou givest me one large-sized pain.
 Go get a move on, hock
Thyself, thou punky beast, so dense,
Minus one grain of common sense,
 With eyes upon the clock.

The punky Carpenter begins
 To feel as though a yoke
Of iron rested on his pins.
 He sleeps (the punky bloke).
Yes, that poor, thoughtless Steeple Jack
Sleeps 'neath the cliff from where the Yak
 The sentinel now sweeps
His gaze. Meanwhile, the spinner spins,
Casting the mystic javelins
 Down where the punker sleeps.

Even the breeze has little ease.
 It has no ease at all.
The Yak doth tremble at the knees,
 Yet does not fear the squall
Which rises to a fierce cyclone.
Hark! hear that moan, that awful groan!
 The Yak is beaten stiff.
The whirlwind, with a clicking clack,
Now catches up the noble Yak,
 Throwing him down the cliff.

The melancholy Yak is tumbling
Headlong down the cliff,
And hovers o'er the slumbering
Mechanic. Oh! but if
The Carpenter from Abbingdon,
Deep in the vale of Skabbington,
All threatened by the panic
Could only wake in time to slip
Away. Alas! he cannot skip.
Unfortunate Mechanic!

The Carpenter upon his back
Most innocently sleeping,
Smiles as he sleepeth, while the Yak
From crag to crag is leaping.
Around and round the Yak doth turn
Bumping like butter in a churn.
Oh, what an awful whack!
Yes, the poor beast, with crushing crash,
Smashes the Carpenter one smash,
Poor Carpenter, poor Yak!

The Carpenter and Yak both now
Dismember many ways.
The process doth the place endow
With hearts and livers. Trays
Of entrails, kidneys grace the vale
Of Skabbington with bloody trail.
But first and over all,
The country side, yea, everywhere,
Doth reek with sticky blood and hair,
Everything soaked in gall.

THE MELANCHOLY YAK

The punky Carpenter is thus
Distributed in thirty
Putrid shares (one nasty muss),
Promiscuously dirty.
His lights and lungs are scattered, yea,
All in one muddle cast astray,
Nice puddle fit for swine
Huddled together full of germs,
Swilling with filthy yellow worms,
Thou rotten, broken vine!

Envoy

Shade of that mighty Monarch Saul
Why fall upon thy knife?
Thou hast enlargement of the gall.
Why sever mortal life?
Why disregard thy sacred call,
Why be so cowardly, and haul
Thy banner down? How slack!
How sad that one with swollen gall
Throws up the sponge and takes a fall
Down like the poor lost Yak.

THE STINGING BEE

Prelude

THERE'S a Bee Hive deep in Hell,
Far beneath the Devil's well,
Near that place called Fiddlers' Green,
Where the Imps are seldom seen.
Every thousand years each bee
Is allowed to have one spree.

In that prison underneath
All the things of this creation,
Bumble bees from Brimstone Heath
Are awaiting their vacation
When each bee in turn as King,
Is permitted just one fling.
Every thousand years each bee
Is allowed to have one spree.

THE LITTLE GIRLIE

Darling little girlie kneeling
Lost to every human feeling,
She is wrapt with bliss divine,
Saying, "Not my will but Thine."

THE STINGING BEE

Charming little Lady Clare
Is a picture very fair.
Kneeling down beside her bed,
Piously she bows her head.
What a pretty picture she
Now presents to you and me,
Kneeling there so quietly,
Wrapt in holy ecstasy.

Darling little Girlie kneeling—
She is wrapt with bliss divine,
Lost to every human feeling,
Saying, "Not my will, but thine."

Heaven let thy mercy shine
On the tender clinging vine.
Plead for little Clare, oh plead,
What a lovely form, indeed!

See the kneeling girl so fair,
See the golden head of hair,
See the moonbeams shining bright
O'er her robe so snowy white.

Muslin nightie, fluffy, warm,
Clinging to the kneeling form
Of the lovely girlie girl,
Fairer than the gleaming pearl.

See the little feet—look there!—
Peeping out so pretty bare,
Nestling upon the floor
Where the Moonbeam, floating o'er,
Showers silver aureoles
O'er the pretty naked soles
Of the tender little feet.
What a picture—how complete!

Silver moon, now risen higher,
Lighting up the scene—but hear!
Hear the stinging bee. Retire,
Stop thy venomous career.
Disappear, thou stinging flyer,
Do not harm the girlie dear.

Discontent is now inciting
Evil, setting witchcraft free,
Hovering about and smiting,
Fighting, blighting, like some she
Dragon charging, scratching, biting,
Monster from the Devil's tree,
With resemblance of a bee,
Now ascending whirly twirly,
Just above the little girlie.

Now the bee is near the ceiling,
Buzzing o'er the girlie kneeling.
Round and round the bee doth twirl
Circling o'er the silent girl,
So uncanny—queer and queerer.

THE STINGING BEE

Now the bee is buzzing nearer,
Just above the head so curly
Of the kneeling little girlie
Kneeling on the silken mat.
See the bare feet thrust out flat,
See the naked soles upturning
Waiting for the stinging burning.

Now the bee is flying slower,
Circling a trifle lower.
It is buzzing through the air
All about the Lady Clare,
Hovering above those neat,
Pretty, little dimpled feet,
With the naked soles upturning
Waiting for the stinging burning.

What a cruel, stinging bee.
See it stinging—it is pre-
Occupied—fierce—no retreat,
Cruelly it stings the feet.

See the crimson bleeding marks
On the little naked soles,
Flaming, stinging cruel sparks!
Click—the final curtain rolls.
See the stinging bee career
Headlong to its proper sphere.

Now the midnight bell is pealing,
Still the little girl is kneeling
 In her fluffy muslin nightie,
While her bare feet—look at them,
 Soft and dimpled pink and whitie
Peeping from beneath the hem
 Of her fluffy muslin nightie.

See the pink spot on each foot
Where the ugly bee has put
Stinging poison in those bare
Dimpled feet so cute and fair.

Little girlie, gentle, pure,
 Evil cannot harm thee—never.
Pearl of innocence, secure,
 Heaven will protect thee ever.

Gentle footsteps are approaching,
Stealthily they are encroaching,
On the scene—look, she is there—
Mother of the little Clare.

Mother comes to rake the fire,
 As the air is chilly, rare.
Mother has but one desire—
 Looking after little Clare.
Little dreaming of the fate
But—we'll not anticipate.

Mother gently stirs the ashes
In the fire place. Red flashes,
Red-hot ashes scatter o'er,
Sizzling upon the floor.

Awful tragedy, appalling!
Blazing ashes crackle, falling
All about the room, revealing
Where the little girl is kneeling
In the midst of blazing ashes,
Kneeling where the fire flashes,
Kneeling while the flaming coal
Falls upon the naked sole
Of her little foot, Oh my!
Yet the girlie does not cry.

See the flaming red-hot coal
Dropping on the pink bare sole
Of the dimpled foot. But why
Don't the little girlie cry?

'Tis the writing on the wall.

All is quiet, not a scream,
Not a sob, all quiet, all

'Tis a cataleptic dream.

What's the matter, Lady Clare?

What—no answer? Is she weeping?

See the silver moonbeam creeping
Lighting up her form so fair,
Lighting up her golden hair.

Can it be that she is sleeping?

Nothing now can terrify
Little Clare, nor make her cry.

She has heard the Angel call,
And at once she did obey
Unbeknown to us all.

Little Clare has passed away.
All her troubles disappear,
Blessings on the girlie dear.

Epilogue

Rank despair racks Fiddlers' Green,
All the stinging bees are seen
Fluffing up their horns like owls
With congestion of the jowls.

What an awful stir there is
In the Bee Hive—what a fizz!
There is news from up on Earth,
And of joy there is a dearth.
Gloom assails each stinging bug
Like the handle of a jug
On one side. 'Tis plainly seen
All are sad in Fiddlers' Green.
They have played the losing game,
Lady Clare escapes the flame.

THE SMILING JUDAS

HIGH in the sky (serenely sly, the smiling Judas chuckles).

The crimson Demon dancing in the air,
Skipping along, singing a song while drawing tight
his buckles,

He nimbly leaps upon the flying mare.
Up from the cliff wafted a whiff—sweet
Breath of honeysuckles.

Oh, plead for me, thou foxy Demon Gelf,
Waiting awhile, with sinister smile, biting thy ugly
knuckles.

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself,
Self, self,
The smiling Judas chuckles to himself.

The crimson Demon lighting on the steeple top across
The promontory, sliding down the slope,
Finding himself one total loss, minus the hellish horse,
He tumbles in the keg of boiling soap.
Now, being but a Devil, immune from burning pitch,
Landing upon the shelf, that nasty Elf
Escaping, gains the sewer, a darksome, filthy ditch.

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself,
Self, self,

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself.

How sadly I remember the rabbit while at play,
Gnawing the buckled strap close to the buckle.
The 'tater vine, refused to swine, was withering away.
Poor Fido rooted up the honeysuckle.
Just hear that awful crashing in the manor house,
that rumble—

Oh, can it be my Auntie's precious delf!
What shall I do to lubricate and smooth away the
tumble?

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself,
Self, self,
The smiling Judas chuckles to himself.

Oh, crimson dancing Demon, these things are all thy
work,
Bungling jobber, truly a frisky Robber,
Thy apers cut mean capers, stabbing with harmless
dirk.

Limper douse that whimpering, that slobber.
You are so dense, you have no sense; why howl for
sour grapes?

Your only God is filthy rotten pelf.
The crimson Demon now promoted passes through
the capes.
The smiling Judas chuckles to himself,
Self, self.

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself.

The very firmest Taxidermist fumbles with the drake;
He tries to pluck a feather from its tail.

The second firmest Taxidermist stole a raisin cake;
The Judge refused to let them out on bail.

The very firmest Taxidermist cut his throat. (Well!
well!)

Thus yielding to that tempting Devil Gelf—
The second firmest Taxidermist died and went to Hell.

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself,
Self, self,

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself.

The lecturer from Avondale once thought he'd run a
race,

His rival was the timepiece on the tower.
He lost his head completely, began to feed his face.

The apple in the cider press was sour,
And gave him such a stomach ache he raised an awful
yell,

Then, yielding to the mighty Demon Gelf,
He cut his throat and in a trice was buried deep in
Hell.

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself,
Self, self.

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself.

The sulphur pie completed, they ring the dinner bell.
The patient cook impatient is, I fear.

"Come hurry to the table. Oh, menu fit for Hell!
Sit down at once and gobble quick, my dear."

The porcupine is roasted, well done, so nice and
brown,

Presented by the purple Demon Gelf,

The crimson Devil giggling—the naughty little clown!

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself,

Self, self,

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself.

The foxy Gelf and all the other Demons in the wreck

Are working hard to settle our hash,

And when the books are open we'll get it in the neck.

"Be ready, boys, send in your petty cash."

The crimson dancing Demon, the favorite of the

ladies,

Together with his close companion Gelf,

Is ready to conduct us away down south in Hades.

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself,

Self, self,

The smiling Judas chuckles to himself.

SABOTAGE

THE waiter, deep in dotage,
Now practiceth Sabotage
 With a sliver
Of poisonous ingredient
Insidiously obedient.
 Oh, my liver!

I drop my little nickel
In th' slot, and soon a pickle
 And a bun
Are ready to be taken
With a rasher of pig bacon
 Underdone.

I chew the toothsome pickle,
I feel a nasty tickle
 And a wiggle
In my stomach, while the Waiter
Is doctoring my 'tater—
 Hear him giggle.

Soon the whole bunch of eaters,
Poor nauseated skeeters,
 Squirming sick
Groan underneath the table—
Alas, this is no fable,
 Just a trick.

Unreasonable spite!
Vile cabalistic rite!
Diners reel
With doses in the dishes.
The Devil—his tail swishes.
Hear the squeal.

The Waiter scribbles serious—
His writing is mysterious.
See the check
I try to fathom, dot it—
Quite useless; yes I've got it
In the neck.

My only poor alternative
Is fight; but I prefer to live
Half peaceful,
And so (poor me) I pay, while he
The Waiter dopes the toast and tea
So greaseful.

This often happens, Reader.
Many a hapless feeder
Chases down
His gullet wond'rous dope.
The Waiter flops his soap
Through the town.

SABOTAGE

If correctly you would do,
Starch your backbone, keep the glue
Off the shelf.

Punky Waiter, rotten Dope,
No more soap; look, get the rope.
Hang yourself.

Bundle all the Waiters snug-
Closely in the County jug,
Punky Batch!
Lock the door, let none escape.
Don't be troubled with red tape.
Strike a match.

You might think that Heaven—yes,
Might have pity. Never'less,
Smoking craters
Open and engulf those dopers.
Fire singes the soft-soapers,
The punk Waiters.

Roasting Waiters, that is well,
Give them all their merry Hell.
Slap a lash
On those Waiters. Cinch the hobble,
That in future we may gobble
Harmless hash.

"BERI BERI"

Preface

THE Unicorn once held a feast.

The animals all think him dense.

He is a very foxy beast,

He leaps across the picket fence,

He drives the lion from the town

And hurriedly retrieves the crown.

Though thick as dough, my bitter foe,

Pray listen to my tale of woe.

Eva has such graceful dimples,

Also many purple pimples,

Hot potatoes on the shore

Help me close my under jaw.

See the Unicorn so funny

Gobbles up the roasted bunny

Calling for the nutty boarders,

Those insidious microbe hoarders.

Don't you be so cross—untidy—

Oh you naughty, naughty Hidie!

Slobbering those words of honey,

But so very short of money,

Peating out retreating orders,

Hustling your bug recorders.

"BERI BERI"

Eva travels on a beaten
Path, her nose is badly eaten.
Vermin take a deadly aim,
And begin to play their game.
While the Unicorn makes merry,
Eva has the Beri Beri.

The Record

Rambunctious little Eva
Is troubled with a fever,
Most wondrous—turn the lever.
Bring the hot Tom and Jerry,
Eva doth cross the ferry
That leads to Memphis Natchez.
My goodness! how she scratches!—
Her face is full of patches—
Red patches.
The Unicorn makes merry,
Eva has "Beri Beri."

Eva—the hook did get her,
The awful plague beset her
And conquered when it met her,
Like Oliver (the Perry),
Two bites from one foul cherry.
Don't be an unbeliever,
Old Father Time with cleaver
Stands ready—black deceiver—
Vile deceiver.
The Unicorn makes merry,
Eva has "Beri Beri."

The vermin in large patches
Pour forth from out their hatches,
Eva the fever catches.

The girl has left the werry,
And now she asks this query,
"Why do I feel so dizzy,
Where is my maid? Quick, Lizzy,
Why are the microbes busy—
So busy?"

The Unicorn makes merry,
Eva has "Beri Beri."

The snake—give her a bit of
Its liver. She's a fit of
The "Hicus Flucus Kitoff."

The Minister from Derry,
Clearing his throat, looks very
Grave, like a boiled Hyena
Or a frosted scandal gleaner
Or a busted concertina,
Or meaner.

The Unicorn makes merry,
Eva has "Beri Beri."

Envoy

Oh mighty Prince Locrado,
There is a fierce Tornado
Blowing from County Kerry
North into Londonderry,
Tough (very)

Which ruffles up the dado
In mystic Eldorado.
Eva croaks on th' "Prado"
Dying of "Beri Beri."
The Unicorn makes merry.

NEMESIS

A tragedy in one act and five scenes. CHORUS asleep

L. Scene 1. Banks of the River Nile near Cairo.

Enter CUPID.

CUPID

UPON yon crest methinks I see a dove.

I thank thee, Heaven, strike my heart, oh pierce

Thy little Cupid Baby, God of love,

With love, a gill, a gallon, nary a tierce.

Ye men and women do not push, don't shove,

Nor garble much with expectation fierce.

Think of the future, of thy home above,

Oh, wretched world!

Enter SATAN

SATAN

Oh pray thee, stop that foolish prattle, cease

Thy meditations—hike along and grease

Thy path to Elsewhere—well you know the place,

Look—the Last Chance, Cupid you lead the pace

Thou wicked little baby god so frisky.

But first and foremost let us have some whisky.

Brace up thy wing, be spry, advance, advance,

Look at that sign board plainly, the Last Chance.

[Both exit in Tavern R.]

CHORUS (*Looking in crystal*).

What do I see—

Oh, wondrous, the Sphinx, stupendous pile!

The Priestess standing on the cliff—that crunch!

That sound now rising from the mighty Nile,

That noble river flowing swift, all punch.

The Priestess holds a baby—shocking, vile!

That crocodile—the baby is its lunch.

That crunching sound—those monster teeth defile

Each baby of the sacrifice—that bunch

Of heathen worshippers transfixed all guile.

That flash, that whizz, oh vile, abhorrent lunch!

The stomach of the sacred crocodile

Receives its hunch, oh, cabalistic crunch!

This strange presentiment, oh what, I'll tarry not!

[*Exit.*]

Scene 2. That section of Hell called Fiddler's Green.

Pig sty R. Grating L. Little girl discovered in her night dress standing on her head on the hot pavement. Enter SEVENTEEN DAMNED SOULS ALL IN FIRE. Smell of burning hair.

DAMNED SOUL

Oh pray thee, tell me, maiden!

Why art thou sorrow laden?

You seem so young and innocent, why fry

Thus, standing on thy head, dear

Thy torments out of gear, queer.

What is the reason for it, tell me, why?

LITTLE GIRL

You wonder why I stand upon my head.

I only do it for a change instead
Of keeping one position all the time.
This is my sentence for one mortal crime.

I am a naughty little culprit Fay.
I alternate each day. I but obey.

To-morrow, I will twist about and stay
The livelong day, standing the other way
Upon the broiling pavement of the street,
Blistering both my little tender feet. (Braying in distance.)

That sound, at last the darling donkey brays.
Oh, joyful sound, we'll Ebenezer raise!

JUDAS ISCARIOT *appears at grating.*

JUDAS ISCARIOT

Attention, little prisoner! please turn
Your somerset, and let your tootsies burn.
So just be kind enough to alternate,
Do make a change at once and cool your pate.
Up se daisy, in she goes.

(*The girl stands on her bare feet.*)

Don't you wish you wore your hose? [*Exit.*]

Enter MODERNIZED DEVIL, *dancing.*

MODERNIZED DEVIL (*dancing around girl*).

My name is Alexander,
I am a salamander.

It is such fun to caper on the coal.

The burning flame delights me,

The fire never frights me,

It cannot harm my foot upon the sole.

Poor little girl, the beauty

Is standing there so cutie

Upon the flaming street her tender feet
Are in the fire, frying,

Oh, hear the birdie crying!

The gentle lambkin, listen to her bleat.

This fire is a riddle,

One everlasting griddle,

This everlasting roasting, what a smell!

So scrape the Devil's fiddle,

Hi diddle, diddle, diddle!

First to right, then to the left, Oh, Hell!

[Exit.

*A large snout appears above edge of pig sty followed
by two bright eyes. (Little girl weeps bitterly.)*

SPEAKING HOG

Remember you were full eight years of age
When you committed mortal sin. Don't rage

Poor child. 'Tis pitiful to see

Thy fate so dire in the burning fire.

Arrange thy troubled thoughts, agree
Without one plea. You do not burn entire.

Though treated to the roasting treat

You are not all exposed to heat.

Though standing on the red hot street

Your misery is not complete,

Naught sees the fire but your feet.

*[Little girl steps about uneasily as flames caress her
ankles.]*

*Scene 3. Paris. A Boulevard. Tower, R. Corn
crib, L. Enter CAGLIOSTRO, gazing in bowl, and
followed by Mothers leading children.*

CAGLIOSTRO

The hair brush taken from the toilet case
Will never kill the child. 'Tis better far
To beat it half to death. We'll slap its face
Then throw it down the stairs. 'Twill badly jar
The child (of course), but in a little space
There will not be a trace or bruise to mar
The beauty of thy offspring dear. So brace
Thyself with glass of whiskey, strong. Thy star
Will reach an eminence sublime. Your case
Will sometime see an awful change. Bizarre
As my opinion now may seem, I place
The case upon its value face. Coal tar
Well mixed with feathers soon will nicely grace
All Spankers at the Vigilantes bar.

*All kneel. CAGLIOSTRO raises hand in benediction.
Invisible chorus of Vestal Virgins.*

In yonder dish-pan broiling
There lies a sinner tattered and torn,
There lies a sinner all forlorn,
There where the smoke is coiling,
There where the Stoker toiling,
Poking the Sinner partially done
Sings to himself. The work is done.

Oh, hear him howl while broiling!

Broiling—Broiling—Broiling—

Broiling—Broiling—Br—r-r-r—

Voices and moonbeam blend languidly broken as the scene closes in.

Scene 5. Street in Danville, Indiana. Grecian temple, C. Pig sty, L. Cabbage patch, R. Mount Vesuvius in the distance. Parrot in cage, C. Enter MODESTUS, followed by Fathers leading children.

MODESTUS

Ye Guardians of children, do not spank

Those tiny charges with correcting brush.

Nay, do not visit every childish prank,

With slap of thy descending palm. Tush, tush!

I know thy answer ere it come. Don't yank

Those small offenders o'er thy knee, nor rush

The child into a closet dark, but thank

Thy lucky star thou hast a chance to gush

And flush each little soul with love. Be frank,

Repent thy false philosophy. Don't crush

The gem confided to thy care, don't spank.

But look, sweet Elsie Dinsmore comes, all mush.

[All exit in temple, R. Invisible chorus chant litany.

Enter ELSIE swinging a slap stick and followed by a crowd of children.

CHILD

I'm sick of all this quack trick,
Why don't you get a move on?
Pray, throw away your slap stick,
Get in another groove, John
Calvin's eyes are on us,
He soon will charge upon us.

[Children utter murmurs of indignation.]

ELSIE DINSMORE

Shut up, you brats, I'll break each little neck!
Shut up, you bunch of nasty skunks, I'll wreck
And pulverize each kid with dirty nose!
I've half a mind to drench you with a hose.
I once attended meeting twice a day,
But found my Pastor made of Common Clay.
And so I shook the church and took to quite
Another method, dandy, out of sight.

(Bell rings)

Just listen to that dismal funeral bell.
I fear my saintly husband went to Hell.

(Children all murmur).

You won't be quiet? then, I'll have to blister,
Yes, I must spank each brother and each sister.

Children raise their fists. ELSIE retreats to table, L, followed by children. ELSIE drops slap stick— goes to table, takes up slop bucket. Children continue to advance. ELSIE douses children with

contents of slop bucket. The children hide their faces, screaming. There comes a clap of thunder. Vesuvius spouts forth fire. Spirit of washerwoman floats by from R. to L.

VESTAL VIRGIN (*appearing at door of temple*).

The washerwoman's dead,
How sad, how sad!
Her husband is rewed
The cad, the cad!
How smugly shady,
Poor washer lady,
Paying her bill,
Gulping her fill.
Oh, washer lady!
Oh, so shady!
You've done ill,
Swallow yer pill,
Swallow yer pill. [*Chorus fades away.*]

Stage grows dark. Moonbeam lights up the cabbage patch, L. Many rabbits are seen hopping about. Enter SPEAKING HOG. HOG grabs rabbit and runs down stage holding rabbit aloft. The rabbit has but one eye.

VESTAL VIRGIN

He's caught the one-eyed rabbit,
Thou lucky hog. Oh, grab it,
Oh, lucky, lucky hog,
Emerging from the fog!

[*Braying in distance.*

The darling donkey brays.

'Twill Ebenezer raise.

Moonbeam shifts to cage, L. Discovering parrot picking at grasshopper. Music dies slowly away as scene closes in.

Scene in Hell. Enter CUPID floating on cloud.

CUPID

Touching on and appertaining to

I'd remark, it's very paining to

Nervous systems, quite a freezer

Bolstering poor Ebenezer.

Evil doers get their fill,

Swallowing their proper pill

Settling their diary,

Of this earthly mill,

Gulping down the fiery

Retributive pill.

Ye have acted ill,

Swallow down the pill. [*Exit.*

Clouds roll away, discovering WOP enveloped with chains of fire.

WOP

I am a Methodist Wop,

See where I sizzle and pop.

Listen, I'll tell you, my dear,

What is the reason I'm here.

While upon earth I was living,
Fridays, I ran about giving
Catholic Wops hungry young
Sandwiches, made of beef tongue.

There in the open fresh air,
Playing in Washington Square,
Catholic children, poor Wops,
Look for the Methodist slops.

Put out the bait, let them bite.
Oh, such a wicked delight!
Always selecting some Friday,
Yes, that day always was my day
As a good Methodist Wop.
Oh, what a pain, I must flop!

METHODIST WOP *shrieks as crackling flames hide him
from view. Enter braying DONKEY.*

DONKEY

I'm a donkey, as you see,
Ebenezer bends his knee.
Ebenezer, pray, be up,
Up and doing, lazy pup.
Now, I'll have to heat the freezer,
Fetch the pincers, turn the squeezer,
Pinch that teaser, lazy greaser,
Here I'll raise my Ebenezer. [*Exit.*]

Enter seventeen half-starved DEVILS.

DEVILS (*Dancing in chorus.*)

Ring around a rosy,
Get the sulphur ready,
Everything is cosy.
Even Mother Eddy
In her little niche thinks
She is quite a dandy,
Goodness, how the witch stinks,
Fetch along the brandy.
Poke the fire, make them smell,
High diddle di diddle,
Hell, Hell, Hell! [*Exit dancing.*]

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR, TREVELLA and VIOLET.

LORD CHANCELLOR

Rest here awhile my worthy pal,
Fit company for bluff King Hal,
And furthermore there is a rumor,
Thy darling Elsie burst a tumor.
Soon will she reach this sultry clime,
Look for thy wife at any time. [*Exit.*]

MR. TREVELLA. (*All in fire.*)

Oh, it is weary waiting in this place!
Waiting impatiently my wife to die.
When will she ever end her mortal race
And come and join me and the little Vi,
Here, in this suffocating, dreadful jug?
Oh, sweetest Elsie, thee I long to see.
Oh, dearest wife, when will I lamp thy mug?

Now, get a move on, darling, come to
me,
King Beelzebub, himself, doth hold the
key,
Waiting, my love, to lead you here to
me,
Where we will hold one everlasting
spree.
Even in Hell I know we will agree.

(Braying in distance.)

Sing joyful praise, the darling donkey brays,
Open the gate, we'll Ebenezer raise.

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR.

LORD CHANCELLOR

I bring intelligence from Earth,
'Twill fill thy heart with peaceful mirth.
The gentle Elsie Dinsmore, dead,
Awaits the judgment o'er her head.
All is despair, all hope is fled,
The furnace now is flaming red.
Elsie will soon arrive in Hell,
Damnation now her name doth spell.
Rejoice, rejoice, poor husband lone!
Thy wife and thee will pick the bone,
Forever and forever, yes,
You both are in one dandy mess. [*Exit.*

VIOLET (*Offering glass of whiskey*)

Father, this is quieting,
Mother soon will come.
In a day our dieting,
Hot, with boiling rum,
Will be shared with Mother dear,
In this place. I think I hear
Some one knocking,
Doors unlocking.

MR. TREVELLA

Joy, my wife is coming high
To enliven this black sty,
Will she smell when she will fry,
In the gloaming, bye and bye?

(*Enter* MODESTUS, CAGLIOSTRO, ELSIE DINSMORE *and* CUPID.) MR. TREVELLA *embraces* ELSIE. *The DEVILS enter, dancing around* NERO, *followed by* HENRY VIII, QUEEN BESS, MARTIN LUTHER, *and* CALVIN. *DEVILS form circle, taking hands and spitting fire.*

ELSIE DINSMORE

I never thought it was so nice in Hell.
Sweet husband, dearest, you are looking well.
And you, my daughter, also doth dispel
All fears on thy account, my heart doth swell,
And when my other little children croak,
Let's pray they join us here, oh, holy smoke!
My heart is full, what a peculiar smell!
I wish my other children were in Hell.

VIOLET

Joyful reunion, ecstasy of mirth!

Thou very best of Mothers,

Tell me—my brothers—how are things on Earth?

How are my younger brothers?

Is their health failing—speak, I want to know,

Will they soon die and join us here below?

O Mother dearest by thy face I see

My younger brothers soon will come to me.

DEVILS (*All dancing*)

Hell is now complete, yes,

Devils by the million!

Let us have more heat, yes,

What a fine cotillion!

Here is bluff King Hal, Oh!

Martin Luther, Nero,

Good Queen Bess from Soho,

Judas is the hero.

Calvin joins the prancing,

Never ending, never,

Mockery of dancing

Hot, hot Hell, forever!

Let's be jolly all's well.

High diddle di diddle,

Hell! Hell!

TREVELLA and ELSIE DINSMORE *turn somersets in the flame. All shout. Red fire. More yells. Confusion. Smell of burning flesh permeates entire theater. Howls of blasphemy. (Slow music.) Curtain.*

The production under the immediate supervision of

PETER PRATT.

Stage Manager..... STINKY FINN
Acting Director..... BILL GREEN
Electric Lighting..... POWDER-FACE MITCHELL
Costumes..... TOM KELLY
Property Man..... RED-NOSE HAMILTON
Mistress of Wardrobe..... SUSAN HACK
Keepers of Hog and Donkey LEONZO BROTHERS
Musical Director..... SENIOR PATRICK OPERTI
Housing of Live Stock..... MONTGOMERY STABLES
Call Boy..... LOOK-UP JOHNSON

THE SECOND STORY MAN

I RIDE upon the bridle path
Of sin, and never take a bath.
All opportunities I clench,
On the qui vive (you see I'm French),
Dandy at Second Story work.
I am a Billy McGlory Turk.
I married a pretty Spanish hen,
She dotes on second story men.
My business is so neat, genteel,
My name is ambidextrous Neil.
My soul doth glow with ardent zeal,
And when I'm pinched, I never squeal,
For I belong to the sporty clan,
One regular Billy McGlory man.

Perhaps you think my business queer,
Of course you do, that's very clear.
You silly dear, ring up the town,
And kick the sinner further down
The ladder, till I reach the pool.
I know you think me one damned fool.
I do not keep your golden rule,
I'm obstinate as any mule
I think my business fine. Don't quench
My ardor, you can never drench
With water cool, poor me, nor wrench
My soul. You think my art all stench,

But no it ain't, I'm dandy Dan,
One regular Billy McGlory man.

I live on Baxter Street near Pell,
Third floor back, that's where I dwell,
Oh, thunderation, hooky Hell!
Gracious, what a Maloney smell—
Onion hash, please keep yer coat on,
That is what the lodgers dote on—
Onions. Fumigate the house,
Kill the buggy smelling louse.
All the lodgers love to fry
Onion hash. I hope to die
If I ever change my taste,
How I love the nasty paste!
Keep yer shirt on, chase the fox,
I wear Billy McGlory sox.

Brace yer kidney, pluck yer goose,
I and the Devil am both let loose.
My plighted word was put to proof,
I kicked my Mother off the roof.
The dear old lady took a scrape,
Athwart the iron fire escape.
She hung mid air, yelling aloud,
To the amusement of the crowd.
It really was a sight, my dear,
To see my Mother wild with fear,
Suspended bleeding in the air,
The rabble shouting—but forbear,
I'm very dry, please rush the can
I am a Billy McGlory man.

The dear old lady died, how sad!
The officer arrived, too bad!
There was a mixing up of fists,
They got the handcuffs on my wrists,
After a dozen upper cuts.
Ain't it enough ter jar yer guts?
Don't let yer under lip retort,
Lick yer guzzle, be a sport,
Look up, Jakie, ain't I game?
The knotted rope my neck will claim.
Yet I am happy in this cell,
Waiting until I go to Hell.
And when I do please roll the rock,
I am of Billy McGlory stock.

ODE OF THE LEPER

I LIVE in luxurious style,
Am almost a Prince, one high stepper,
Far out on the Molaki Isle,
In short, I'm a King, though a Leper.
I'm full of white blisters. Each scale
Is a curio fierce. I'll regale
Your brain with one sickening spasm.
I'll tell you the tale, 'twill amaze
And almost enlighten, though craze
Your ears with the truth, no phantasm.

I am a Leper,
Dandy high stepper,
Fiery pepper! All sickening details—
Better omit them, and as for the exhales—
Rotten! I'm trembling—
Something resembling
Poisonous clinches,
Microbes with winches,
Tear at my scales, most horrible details!
Everything quails, I'm scratching my en-
trails.

They tell me I'll shortly be dumb,
So, therefore, I'd better be squealing.
My nose is quite perfect, though numb,
Congealing with cancerous peeling.
The large swollen joint where my thumb
Adjoineth my hand has no feeling.
My members I constantly doff,
It makes me feel creepy to state it,
Last Friday my left ear fell off—
The Kitty Cat caught it and ate it.

Kittens are playful
All of the day full
Kittens are lively, all action.
Lepers belong to one faction,
Dropping by pairs
Ears unawares.
Kitty Cat dares—
Playfully tears,
While yanking out hairs—strange attraction.
Oh, horrible, what an infraction'
Pity the Leper chuck full of pepper,
Dandy high stepper
Eaten away
Verily yea.

The soup very thin,
Stuck under my chin—
Not knowing my nose was all tottering,
My poor eaten nose—bloody, clottering!

While placidly waiting,
So lax, aviating
About antedating
 Oh, ye! Oh, ye!
Foul death aggravating,
 Unknown to me
My nose quite detaching,
 Fell into the bowl
Of soup. My breath catching,
 I swallow it whole.
I am beaten, beaten,
My nose I've eaten.

I've eaten my nose.
I'll coddle my woes
'Til everything goes
To carrion crows.
 Verily yea
 Eaten away.

I sat all distracted ablaze
 With soul trodden down, my will beaten.
My brain all confusion, one daze—
 My very own nose I had eaten.
I'm beaten as flat as a kite, yes,
That sorrowful mystical bite, yes,
 Oh, what is this pain, oh, my spasm!
There's something congesting one lung.
 My soul now is leaping the chasm—
 I'm stung yes, I spat out my tongue.

I'm now on the way
To a rapid decay,
 Enjoying my nondescript status.
 Ah, will the foul fiend antedate us?
I'll patiently stay
Until eaten away,
I stand all dismay
On the great Judgment Day,
 When Heaven or Hades will crate us,
 And Peter will pet or berate us.
Oh, pity the leper all chuck full of pepper!
 Dandy high stepper.
Eaten away
Verily yea.

TEA LEAVES

Prologue

By bell and book and candle,
I grab the tea-cup handle,
Shake well until the tea leaves
Show inner vision free weaves.
Follow, I'll be your leader,
Listen! fierce, gentle Reader.

Predictions

The Priestess says, "Oh, cricky!
'Tis wonderfull! say Dicky
It makes my stomach sticky,
 Give me a glass of beer.
I see a mighty river,
I feel a pain—that sliver
Is sticking in my liver,
 Singular things appear."

The Iceman, see, he's messing
Over the salad dressing,
The cider press is pressing
 And squeezing out the juice.
The coffee urn is rusting,
The fine-tooth comb is crusting,
The parlor maid is dusting
 The antiquated goose.

The Donkey brays on week days,
The Coachman drives the sleek bays
Along the muddy byways
 And highways near the river.
Apollo rubs the red styas
That mar his troubled blink eyes.
He shoots an arrow crosswise,
 Then gobbles up his quiver.

The Priestess smiling sweetly
Fingers the tea leaves, neatly
Licking her lips: Completely
 Buried in occult science
Dreams not—but, hush (don't mention)!
All silently, all tension,
The Tea Pot makes ascension—
 Infallible defiance!

The Tea Pot rises ever
Flaming with heat. Sly, clever
Witch of the tea cup—Never
 Can I forget the squeal,
She uttered when I smashed her.
The broken Tea Pot slashed her,
From ear to ear I gashed her
 And hashed her like hashed veal.

And now there came reaction,
Strange sort of weird attraction,
As though some fiendish faction
 Was poking at my slim knee.

The Priestess sniffing all agog,
Spat out a rat and pollywog
And hopping like a jolly frog,
 She vanished up the chimney.

Don't pay the least attention,
Nor quail with apprehension,
The fortune-telling tension,
 Is not worth book and bell.
Be easy, keep your shirt on,
And let the she wolf squirt on
And flirt along and blurt on
 Paving the way to Hell.

Hell, Hell, Hell!
Lucifer, Prince of Hell,
 Hammer her flat,
 The Witch, the sly cat,
 With a bruise on her slat,
 Foul rat on the bat.
Hammer her down,
Sizzle her brown,
 Oh, that horrible smell!
 Oh, Hell, Hell, Hell!

THE CHIMNEY CORNER

Introduction

(By the Father)

I OFTEN thrash my eldest son,
He says, "Thy holy will be done."
And then I grease the strap with lard
And spank him, oh, so very hard!
I spank him, "Easy?" "Oh, dear, no!"
That method would not be a go
It would not have the right effect,
It hardly could be termed correct,
It would not be the wiser course.
I come from Norway, I'm a Norse.
And, now, regarding naughty Jim,
I leave the narrative to him.

Narrative

(By the Son)

On a bright September morning,
Father spanked me, without warning,
Laying me across the table,
Spanking me upon my gable.
How engrossing! how compelling!
Father loves to hear me yelling,
Blistering the proper landing.
I must eat while I am standing.

See the pretty oaken ruler,
Color of the coffee cooler.
 Such an ever-slapping toiler,
 Yes, one perfect, stinging broiler.
Father's method is uplifting,
Ever searching, never drifting,
 Never swerving, ever landing,
 I must eat while I am standing.

Yes, I fear that I must ever
Eat while standing. Father's clever,
 Handles well the strap, outflinging
 With full justice. Oh, the stinging!
Oh, the smarting, oh, the Devil!
Father's on the proper level.
 Oh, the blistering, the branding!
 I must eat while I am standing.

See where they arrange the dinner
For the chimney corner Sinner—
 Absolutely true, no fable,
 See where they arrange the table.
See the mantelpiece all ready,
I've no use for Mother Eddy,
 She will never ease the branding,
 I must eat while I am standing.

One day Father lost the ruler,
Color of the coffee cooler,
 While we quietly were strolling
 Through the meadow near the rolling

Banks of the Euphrates River.
Father made me totter, shiver.
 Like some ghastly, cruel Werner,
 Father grabs the pancake turner,
Flourishing the tin utensil,
Marking me as with a stencil,
 Oh, the slapping, scorching, branding!
 I must eat while I am standing.

Father is so captivating,
Ever spanking, no abating,
 Tingle, shingle,* ever frightful.
 Yet uplifting, how delightful!
No reprieve, not on yer kidney,
Father spans his little Sidney,
 Slapping me in two-four time,
 In a sort of Tuscan rhyme.
Father is so persevering,
No side tracking, perfect steering.
 Daddy is King pin at branding.
 I must eat while I am standing.

* Shingle: A small, oblong bit of cedar wood made for covering roofs. Shingles are also very frequently used for purposes of youthful correction.—The Author.

THE NOBLE MATRON

MOTHER is a noble matron
Of all industry, the patron—
Yes, she's toiling like a mule,
Keeping up her golden rule.

Mother is a darling hen,
Sheltering poor helpless men.
What's the use of toiling, clerking?
Mother, dear, is always working.

Father is so comical,
Mother's economical,
Rising every morning early—
It is very hard upon her.
Cooking breakfast makes her surly.
All the same she feels her honor
Is at stake, no lagging, shirking,
Hallelujah! Mother's working.

Mother is the dear old stay-by,
Working on the farm, oh, gracious!
How she weeds the garden day by
Day, while Senor Hans Ignatius
Smokes the pipe of peace securely,
Lying at full length demurely,
Never scowling, ever smirking.
All is well while mother's working.

Hans Ignatius is the father
Of the family, we love him
Honor him, protect and bar th'
Cares and troubles that might shove him
To the wall or make him hurry,
Scurry for a job, all worry.
'Tis a plain fact, without jesting,
Father needs a heap of resting.

When I scrub the curly spaniel
Mother screeches, "Don't wash Daniel!"
When we play the game Queen Dido
With the frisky poodle, Fido,
Mother, dear, has naught to say,
Mother, dear, is far away,
Toiling at the plow, no shirking.
Hallelujah! mother's working.

"Father, let my word prevail,
Open up the keg of ale.
Dearest father, please don't worry,
Let thy life be free from care.
Never hurry, skip nor scurry,
Ever restful—spare, oh spare—
Spare thyself, keep smiling, smirking—
Courage, father, mother's working."

Thou, my soul, with horror sickens,
Pondering on yester eve.
Father thought he'd pick the chickens,
Oh, be still my heart, don't grieve!

Feel my pulse, oh, how it quickens!
Calm thyself, my soul, don't weave
Tendrils through my gall. Deceive
Not thyself with yellow pickens,
Clear away all jagged jerking,
Hallelujah! mother's working.

Dearest father broke his wen
Feathering the guinea hen,
It is sad that he should thus
Tire out himself and muss
Up his pleated shirt—but, then,
Think of it—he broke his wen.

Wrapping up my father's chin
Now, I tune my mandolin,
Thus, fulfilling my big mission,
Like a mystic electrician.

Sweetest waves of music fill
Father's ears—oh, how they thrill!
Much improving his condition.
Trying to make father happy
Is my principal ambition.
Dad is dropsical, so sappy.
Years ago I gave up clerking—
What's the use when mother's working?

Seek the oracle from Delphy
Rake the cobwebs from thy belfry,
Don't be worried, dearest father,
What's the use of vainly wishing,
That is foolish, better, rather,
Come along, I'm going fishing.
Get a hook and line, no shirking,
Let's be merry—mother's working.

Thus we ever live contented,
Mother dominates us all.
Our lives run smooth, undented,
Free from care, naught can befall
Such a family, containing
Every virtue. Truth is reigning
All supremacy, no shirking
Our duty, mother's working.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN

I

I AM a little Christian, I go to Sunday School,
I always learn my lessons, I never break a rule.
I dearly love the Teacher, he knows that he can trust
His angel child. The Preacher—he comes from up-
per crust.

He sees I am a good boy, invites me to his home,
I play the tunes of Wesley upon the fine-tooth comb.
The Teacher and the Preacher both love their Willie,
dear

Although my near relations decidedly are queer.
My brother and my sister go hand in hand in crime.
My mother hits the pipe, father is doing time.

2

I am a little Tell-tale, most popular with all
The teachers and the preachers. Since Adam took a
fall,

We have to have the Tell-tales, therefore, I'm doing
well.

To gain the teacher's confidence, I run along and tell

The naughty things the children do. The teacher
says I'm cute,
And yet my playmates all declare I'm such a nasty
brute.
They all can smell the Tell-tale, it isn't hard to guess,
They say they'll roll me in the mud, soiling my pretty
dress.
They seem to think I am a skunk; at least, they say I
am,
Christening me another name, they call me "Dirty
Sam."

3

My eyes are blue, my golden hair is flowing down my
back,
I still wear dresses, mother loves to pet her baby Jack.
My mother is particular to have me often scrub.
The housemaid, Susan, used to wash me in a cedar tub.
But now that I am twelve years old, I always wash my-
self.
I keep the soap and towel upon mother's gilded
shelf.
The Doctor says that I must use an antiseptic soap,
Because I am all pimples. Look, there is mother's
dope!
Inside the old accordion. I'm glad she has that streak,
I surely will blackmail her for a dollar bill per week.

4

My father is a burglar bold, they caught him yester
eve,
He'd broken in a bank downtown, my mother does not
grieve,

She says it serves the old man right and she will let
him rot

Before she helps him to escape, she is a rotten lot.
I'd like to rap her on the nut, 'twould make the people
talk,

But, being such an angel child, I really have to balk.
I've kept the ten commandments since I came of age at
seven,

I am a little Christian and I hope to go to Heaven.

5

My sister dear and brother queer are Kleptomaniacs,
Last night they brought a willow basket home, 'twas
full of quacks.

Uncovering the basket—what is this?—a brace of
geese!

"We'll never fight for drumsticks—see, we have one
leg apiece!"

With tears now coursing down my face, I drew the
bowie knife.

One gash—the heads fly off—out comes the bloody
stream of life.

There is a knock upon the door—dear me, what can it
mean?

Two officers, policemen, stern, well satisfied, serene.
They handcuff both my sister and my brother, thus
you see

It always pays to be an honest, angel child, like me.

I've kept the ten commandments since I came of age at
seven,
I am a little Christian and I hope to go to Heaven.

6

There's no one living now at home but mother dear
and me,
I am her little baby boy, we always disagree,
I hear an awful thud upstairs, what can the matter be?
I hurry up the stairs—oh, Hell!—imagine what I see.
My mother dear is in a fit, she's foaming at the mouth,
One of her hands is pointing north, the other pointing
south.
Her head is east, her legs are west and, clinching with
her teeth,
She bites her heart—she spit it up. She's lying there
beneath
Her Angel child. She smiles in death, oh, mother,
now demure!
You must resign all hope of bliss, of that I'm very
sure.
As for myself, I've been an angel since the age of
seven.
I am a little Christian and I hope to go to Heaven.

7

My mother is cremated. I, returning home alone,
Now feeling hungry, thought I'd pick the gander's
funny bone.
What is the use of ever grieving? really, what's the
use?

I ate a slice, 'twas very nice, that confiscated goose.
And then I sought the preacher in the ivy-mantled
church

And afterwards the teacher, they'll not leave me in the
lurch.

They cannot get along without their Angel baby blue.
I tell them all the naughty things the other children do.
I'm good as any peach—yes, ever since the age of
seven,

I've been a little Christian and I hope to go to Heaven.

MARY WENT IN ALONE

THE first year of their married life
Brings happiness unto the wife.
And yet, surrounding them all rife,
There is a cruel little knife
Stabbing—a problem sure to grow
One little atom all aglow,
With evil to this happy twain,
Shadowing them with evil stain.
The heedless husband busy now,
Absorbed at work, forgets the vow
To make her happy, peace has flown,
Mary goes it alone.

One Sunday morning Mary said,
“It’s time to go to Mass, instead
Of sitting at your desk all day,
Once out of seven let us pray.”
The husband said, “It’s quite enough
For you, my dear; go, get your muff
And jacket, quick—there, run along,
I don’t believe the Devil’s prong
Can do me any evil. No,
I work too hard, that’s a sure go.
Run to the Chapel, pick my bone,
Mary, you go alone.”

The neighbors passing by the door,
Quickly their own conclusions draw
While listening unto the scrap,
Ain't it enough ter make yer flap?
These words they hear inside the house,
"Oh, go along with you and douse
Yourself, my dear; go, move on, do,
And throw away the rag, don't chew!
You make me tired, do not spar."
There—click, the front door swings ajar.
Poor little creature overthrown—
Mary comes out alone.

One year has flown. Holy church
Don't leave her children in the lurch.
Husband and wife are hand in hand,
Preparing for that great command,
Sacred event—the first baptism,
Bestowing of the holy chrism.
The letter-carrier now knocks,
Hubby remarks, "I'm in a box.
I'll have to write a letter to
Spriggins and Wiggins; do not chew
The rag, but run along, my dear,
The Priest won't miss me, never fear,
Give him five dollars, he won't moan."
Mary comes out alone.

Month by month and day by day,
Things run along the same old way.

The church sees Mary every week,
Sadly she goes alone. Now wreak
Thy vengeance, Heaven, snap life's thread,
Come to judgment, Oh, ye dead!
Come to judgment, man and wife.
Instantly both depart this life.
They quickly cross the river Styx.
Walking the road of golden bricks,
They find themselves before the gate
Of Heaven. Oh, poor man, too late!—
That open gate—that painful moan—
Mary goes in—*alone*.

AFTER THOUGHTS

GLANDERS

THE rash is travelling across
My face, what shall I do?
I caught the glanders from my horse.

The black infection grew,
Taking its ordinary course.

My spine is in a stew
Beaten by the germ that panders
To that vile disease, the glanders.

The scales are forming on both eyes
I'm curving like a drom—
—Edary. Oh these bumble flies!
I must assume the nom—
—Deplume "Unclean." I can disguise
That pestilential bomb
(Nit.) The bumble bug meanders
O'er my spine bringing me glanders.

My brain is wandering about
Playing the game of tag.
The jaundice creeps along. The gout
Aflame! Sunk in a quag—
—Mire I writhe, I twist, I shout.
I've run against a snag.
Wretched itching snag which panders
To that vile infection glanders.

That snag, that pestilence the boil
Madly attacks my gum.
Most painful boil (no soothing oil)
"Quick, Doctor, stab the jum—
—Bo. Lance the ulcer—see it coil,
The ring worm oh how bum!
Close yer face, cut out all slanders.
Doctor Danders, cure my glanders."

My countenance is twisted and
The buzzing ear doth fry.
Microbes all enlisted stand
Ready to do or die
Scratching away—hard fisted band
Eating their pigeon pie.
Rank infection now meanders
Through my brain, it is the glanders.

Bumble bugs are eating pie
Delving in my brain.
Many worms with evil eye
Stabbing doth disdain
Minor ills. Vile sluggish dye—
Oh my heart the pain!
'Tis the bumble bug that panders
To the worm that brings me glanders

Both my eyes are eaten out.
Come, ye bugs, begin.
Twist my rubber neck about—
Do thy work; yea, spin

Wire through my brain. No doubt
I will lose my chin.
All is lost—the bug meanders
Through my spine. I have the glands.

Oh my eye my gullet! What's
The matter with my ear?
Th' hammer on my ear now swats.
One brazen frozen tear
Now dots my face. Such queer hard knots
Are tugging at my heart.
My lungs have burst apart.
My liver—Oh that porcupine!
Begone, keep off my ragged spine.
The bright red blood, it spatters
That crimson flood—what matters,
The ring worm—Oh, oh, Mercy—— *

* Just about this time the unhappy man died.

THE CHICKEN

Prelude

BE still, my soul, don't turn a hair.
Now listen and compare—don't tear
The vail of sweet oblivion. Spare
My memory and let the mare
Kick off the horse shoe. Where oh where
Has the shoe fallen? There oh there
It is. The nettle hides the rare
Omen of luck. Quick, nail it square
Upon the door. Oh vision fair——
I see the youth with auburn hair
Swinging his hatchet in the air.

Revelation

While wandering along the lane
I heard a crackle where the grain
Is thickest. 'Twas a mother hen
Tending her little brood, so then
I took to thinking oh how soon
Those chicks would pipe another tune.
Oh happy family of chicks
You pretty fluffy Dicky Dicks
So full of cunning little tricks.

I left my summer cottage home
And to the city I did roam
And shortly after went to sea.
I was as busy as a bee.
They kept me working. Still my brain
Reverted to that country lane
Reverted to the fluffy fowl
Regardless of the Captain's growl
Who loved to swear and raise a howl.

'Tis six months later. I return
Walking along the lane. I yearn
To see those little chicks once more—
When down upon my ears there bore
The sound of pattering steps. Compelled
To halt and listen I beheld—
Oh, vision wonderfully fair—
The pretty youth with auburn hair
Swinging his hatchet in the air.

The little chickens big have grown
'Twill never do now to postpone
Th' task. Th' head is on the block.
It is the flower of its flock.
The pretty youth with auburn hair
Swinging the hatchet in the air
Now chops a chop—oh what a chop!
The head drops off—oh what a flop!
The chicken now begins to hop.

THE CHICKEN

The dancing of a chicken with
No head upon its neck's no myth.
The chicken dancing down and up
The barnyard, really lifts the cup
Lifting it with its bloody neck
While round about she doth bedeck
The barnyard with the stream of life.
Unhappy hen, most bloody strife
Thou shouldst have been the rooster's wife.

Despite the strain upon my nerves
The table bountiful deserves
All praise, it is a charming sight.
The silverware is polished bright.
The little chick is roasted brown
His dancing days are slipping down
The vale of sweet oblivion. Tor
That mighty God ceases to roar.
The bloody neck is seen no more.

Envoy

Almighty Nabob, Prince of all
The muses, lift thy hand, appall
All enemies of peaceful clime.
Come fill my brain with thoughts sublime
And nevermore with chopping ax
Let auburn headed youth so lax
Cater to morbid mind and chase
Tater and onion fry—how base!
Go hang yourself and swap your face.
Twist yer neck and mend yer pace
Shuffle th' deck, turn up the ace.

THE BLUE DRAGON

"I'M a misanthropic owl,"
Said the blue Dragoon.
"And when I prowl I growl,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"With language very foul
Like an owl minus a jowl
Or a Monk without a cowl,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"Yes a Monk without a cowl."
"I was caught out in the rain,"
Said the blue Dragoon.
"While walking through the lane,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"I met the little Jane,
Her pleadings were in vain
I struck her with my cane."
Said the blue Dragoon
"I struck her with my cane."
"Oh what a piercing squeal,"
Said the blue Dragoon.
"It was a rotten deal,"
Said the blue Dragoon.
"Look—see the kiddy reel
As I turn upon my heel.
My heart is made of steel,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"My heart is cold hard steel."

"You bet I'm not all bluff,"
Said the blue Dragoon.
"My voice—my ain't it gruff,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"I'm made of proper stuff
Don't think I am a muf.
You bet I am a tough,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"You bet that I am tough."

"Don't try it out with me,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"Lest you may catch a flea,"
Said the blue Dragoon.

"I'll take you o'er my knee
We'll have a little spree
You'll get the third degree,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"You'll get the third degree."

"Please ring up the alarm,"
Said the blue Dragoon.
"You bet I'll yank the palm,"
Said the blue Dragoon.
"Yea evil cannot harm
My walking stick, pray calm
Thyself, I'll chant a psalm,"
Said the blue Dragoon
"The penitential psalm."

THE JACK SCRAMBLED GOOSE

PRAY what is a Jack
Scrambled goose with a noose?
Can it swim, does it quack?
All trash mere excuse—
One neat little hoax,
Jokes for the bloke's fiddle faddle.
Before the goose croaks
Sing the song—it's all twaddle.
Attention good folks
Escape from all yokes
Hail the black buggy juice.
Flail the Jack scrambled goose .
Jail the cracker gay quack.
Ever sack the brave Jack.

Spriggins—Wiggins pray tarry.
Time—more time don't parry.
Leave me alone, please, lest I
Scribble the truth. Oh I fry!
My heart is on fire.
The demon let loose
Now tightens the noose
With cruel desire.
No mercy no truce
With th' Jack scrambled goose.

Don't be a Jack scrambled goose
If you play slack there's a noose
All ready to gripe
Your neck. Your poor tripe
Will be sore afflicted because
The monster with feathery paws
Sharpening both of its jaws
Concealing its poisonous claws
Will give you the deuce
Far worse than bug juice
Defying all laws
And foolish seesaws.
So pray thee cut loose
From th' Jack scrambled goose.

Th' Type Setter waits. I can't scribble
Nor nibble—Oh dolorous dribble.
My broken heart sickens.
Deplorable plight!
My torpid pulse quickens
Oh help me do right!
Oh give me the heart of a Bruce
I'll banish the Jack scrambled goos

That Type Setter vile
With villainous smile—
He won't wait an hour for me
He holds the right bower. Oh gee!
That Type Setter Joe
He thinks I am slow

No go—the time presses—
 Yes that's his excuse
 Correctly he guesses.
 The Demon let loose
 Now fondly caresses
 The Jack scrambled goose
 Whose feathery tresses
 Hide many abscesses.

Pray hang up the noose. Jug
 The Jack scrambled goose bug.
 May fire eternal
 Devour the kernel
 Down deep in thy brain.
 Descendant of Cain.
 Thou wretched Type Setter
 The Devil's abettor
 This manuscript now
 Is thine; clear thy brow
 And swallow the juice
 The bug juice poor goose.

All victory thine
 Unfaithful Type Setter.
 I'm sticky with brine
 Sifted fine, oh this fetter!
 Oh Spriggins and Wiggins
 I'm sick of these diggins.
 Stand off—quick unloose
 The Jack scrambled goose.
 Wash out my poor brain!

Oh this sickening pain!
Begone no excuse
I've done with the juice
The bug juice abuse
So go to the deuce—
(Oh yes I've cut loose
From th' Jack scrambled goose).

EPILOGUE

THESE Publishers always the same
Seem banded together to aim
Th' fiery dart through my heart.
They never appreciate art.
They say I'm eccentric and crazy.
Some of them say, "I'm a daisy."
They say I'm too fond of the bugs
Or am I addicted to drugs?
No that is not so, pray be careful
Many a critic too dareful
Is languishing deep in the cell
Of the buggy jug Dingley Dell.
So close up your trap in a jiffy
Beware how you criticize Griffy. ✓